

9 771745 916000

ISSUE 8 OCT/NOV 2006

£3.25

# LITTLE WHITE LIES

*Truth & Movies*

TEEN  
QUEEN  
GODDESS

The  
Marie  
Antoinette  
Issue







**“DEAR GOD,  
GUIDE US AND  
PROTECT US. WE  
ARE TOO YOUNG  
TO REIGN.”**

COVER ILLUSTRATION  
BY Paul Willoughby  
WORDS BY  
Matt Bochenski






Chapter one.  
In which we  
discover  
Marie Antoinette

DIRECTED BY  
Sofia Coppola  
STARRING Kirsten  
Dunst, Jason  
Schwartzman, Rip  
Torn, Steve Coogan

RELEASED  
20 October

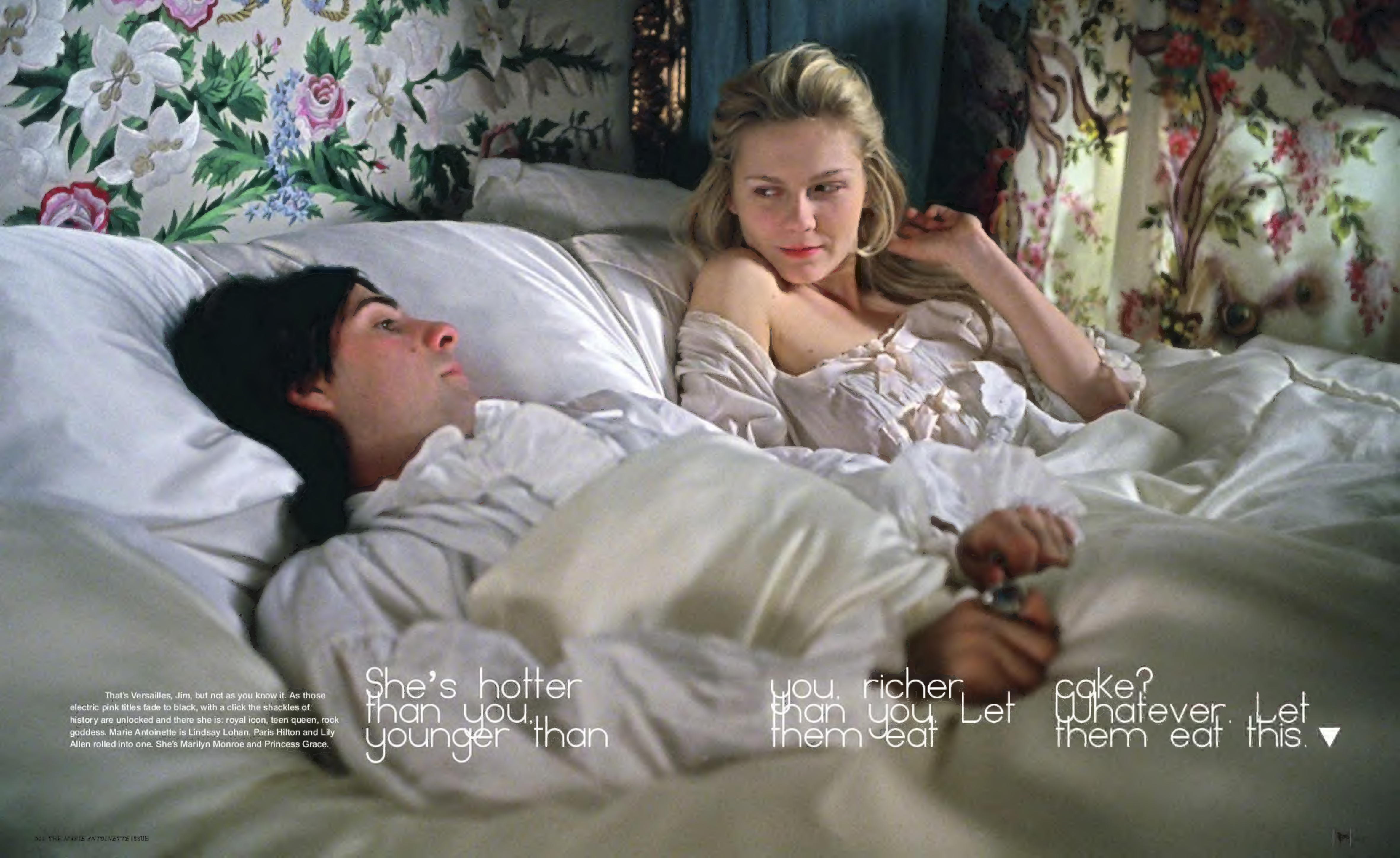




*Marie Antoinette* is a rock 'n' rule epic with one thing on its mind: the decadent dreams of a teen queen goddess.

Propelled by the post-punk dissonance of Gang of Four, *Marie Antoinette* is Sofia Coppola's anthem of teenage kicks. It's a sumptuous retooling of the life (but not death) of the French Dauphine, ripped from the ample bosom of the Habsburg empire and thrust, at 14 years-old, into the gossip, gambling, shopping and shagging of Versailles. ▼





That's Versailles, Jim, but not as you know it. As those electric pink titles fade to black, with a click the shackles of history are unlocked and there she is: royal icon, teen queen, rock goddess. Marie Antoinette is Lindsay Lohan, Paris Hilton and Lily Allen rolled into one. She's Marilyn Monroe and Princess Grace.

She's hotter  
than you,  
younger than

you, richer  
than you. Let  
them eat

cake? Whatever. Let  
them eat this. ▼



Though it's based on Antonia Fraser's compelling slice of revisionist history, *Marie Antoinette: The Journey* (where the maligned queen is transformed into a romantic heroine, martyred by the masses hopped up on high-quality royal porn), this is no period piece. This is Sofia Coppola's chick flick epic, her propulsive prom night fantasy; a hedonistic dreamscape of the children of France.

Given unprecedented access to Louis XIV's postcard palace, Coppola has shot a film of dazzling sunset hues and intimate pastel subtlety – an endless expanse of marble, gilt and gold. This is a world of breathtaking opulence captured in all its attention-grabbing extravagance: every plate is a starburst of sculpted sugar; every costume a confection of jewels and silk; every hair piece a powdered tower of taffeta and flowers. Outside, in the Petit Trianon and model village, Lance Acord's photography falls under the same languid spell as Marie Antoinette herself, capturing the shimmering haze of half-remembered dreams with a gauzy, pastoral beauty.

Kirsten  
Dunst has  
that zeitgeist  
vibe that  
echoes  
Coppola's  
signature  
cool.

Clutching a dog to her chest, she looks young and fragile, like Dorothy disappearing down a yellow brick road that really is paved with gold. But where once she was the teen queen of *Bring It On* and *Get Over It* – younger and chubbier with curves and dimples – in her post-blockbuster 'grown up' career she's got one of those off-the-rack Hollywood bodies, hardened and sheer, and her eyes are a little less wide. There's none of the open, honest naivety that once made her seem so fresh and sexy.

Marie Antoinette's is a dramatic ride. It takes in death and disaster, cruel fate, bad decisions, worse sex and great parties. But here she's a feckless Valley Girl whose emotional range peaks at, like, super awesome, and bottoms out at totally lame. This is *The OC* meets the 18th C, all artifice – all sparkle and shimmer and strike a pose. When a doctor comes to examine the royal couple to find out why they've failed to produce an heir (a noose around the Dauphine's neck that stayed tight for seven years) the camera drifts lifelessly to the tableau of bedspreads and wallpaper beyond. Few lives have pitched so violently from high to low, but Coppola seems less interested in the queen's state of mind, and far more fascinated by the state of her furnishings.

In her book, Fraser points out that any re-telling of the queen's story must include "The elegiac as well as the tragic, flowers and music as well as revolution and counter-revolution". But Coppola never got past page one – apparently never got to the juicy bits about imprisonment and execution, about the way Marie Antoinette changed and grew in the last years of her life. And okay, it isn't meant to be a spirited historical apology; it's a mood piece, a tone poem that's ethereal, ephemeral and cool-as-fuck. That might sell you a few more tickets to the teen crowd that think you're oh-so what it's all about, but the very thing that Coppola cherishes as a filmmaker – that moment-to-moment immediacy that made *Lost In Translation* tender and heartbreaking – gives Marie Antoinette the fickle transience of a fashion shoot.

She claims to see this "good-hearted, creative person", but that's not what's on screen. With no sense of context, this is the same old Marie Antoinette – the same creature of vanity, excess and egotism that the Parisian *libellistes* ate up and spat out. She has the keys to the kingdom, but not her own cage, and as she lashes out by splashing out, along with the cash she fritters away any sympathy for her future – for that guillotine forever lurking round the corner. How bad can it have been, this listless life? Why worry about her fate when she apparently didn't?

It doesn't help that as the film rolls on, structural problems emerge. Most damagingly, there's never any clear idea of when or where we are in Marie Antoinette's life. Maybe that's a deliberate reflection on the hermetic world of Versailles, where days and years are marked in idle pleasures. But it's amazing to discover (in retrospect) that you've witnessed 23 years pass. Towards the end you sense that Coppola is thinking the same thing, as there's a sudden flourish of the visual trick book to create that illusion of forward momentum, but it's too little too late. Likewise, the few scenes that require lengthy exposition are gripped by a kind of paralysis; like nobody was sure what to do when the camera tracked back from the wallpaper. ▼





Despite this studied veneer, there are moments when the artifice cracks and you're assailed by an overwhelming melancholy.

At a masked ball in Paris, or the queen's eighteenth birthday in Versailles, this court of kids finally bursts into life, and only as they come to life do you remember how close they are to death. There's a *fin de siècle* poignancy to these scenes, especially the birthday party, where the 'children of wealth' see in the dawn – a sunrise of heart-rending false hope. But these occasions are rare; Marie Antoinette has an emotional pulse so faint, you feel like breaking into the projection booth and giving the reel the kiss of life.

At its best, Marie Antoinette – the film and the queen – is seductive and gorgeous and a little naïve. It opens with verve and promise, perfectly captured by the cheek of that Gang of Four refrain: "The problem of leisure / What to do for pleasure?" But it's another line from that song that best describes this film – it's not seduction, it's a coercion of the senses, and we are not so gullible ■



**Anticipation.** Sofia Coppola is the go-to girl for the dislocated fantasies of teenage dreams. Five

**Enjoyment.** So much of it is so good, but a story this rich and dramatic deserved more. Three

**In Retrospect.** Gain any further knowledge of the life and times of Marie Antoinette, and the film will diminish in your memory. Two



# The Specialists

HOW DO YOU CREATE A VISUAL TONE POEM TO VERSAILLES? YOU HIRE THE BEST TEAM IN THE BUSINESS, LIKE MUSIC COMPOSER DUSTIN O'HALLORAN AND WARDROBE SUPERVISOR PATRICIA COLIN.

**LWLies:** Sofia Coppola's previous films have both had very distinctive soundtracks. How did you and she approach *Marie Antoinette*?

**DH:** The most unusual thing about the way she works is that the music's been chosen before the film has been edited, so you're not scoring to picture. Sofia wanted to actually edit to music. I think it's probably the better way to work; if you have music to play on set it gives you a feel for the scene, and in a scoring situation, when music is scored to picture – and the music is working with the cues – then it can force an emotion, whereas this way it's not forcing an emotion because it's written independently.

**LWLies:** What role did music supervisor Brian Reitzell play?

**DH:** Brian does most of the communication and background work. He does a lot of preparation that filters down to Sofia, and he'll ask her to think about a couple of things. So all the development work is with Brian, and then Sofia will make the final decision. The way Brian works is unusual because he blurs the line between music supervisor and composer, and because he's a musician himself he really brings a lot to it.



**LWLies:** Did you come to the project with certain ideas in mind?

**DH:** Well Sofia sent me some images from the film – there was a book that she put together to give me a feel for it – but she still left a lot to my imagination. It was a great start; it was very open and I had a lot of imagery in my head – I could attach myself to it. It felt more collaborative, like I could approach it in the same way that I would write a song for myself. I think you give a little bit more of yourself when you have that space to write – I felt personally attached to it even though it was a score.

**LWLies:** There's a lot of contemporary music in the film – did you do anything to try and capture a period flavour?

**DH:** Well one of the tracks for the film I actually wrote on the spot in the studio after Brian called me maybe two days before the session. He said to come to Paris because he'd actually gone out and rented a *pianoforte* from the 1700s. We figured we might as well use it as it was such a big deal. I went there and played a lot of the pieces that I was working on. The tuning was different – at a lower pitch. Some pianos have a lot of music in them; this one has given me a lot of music and inspired me.

**LWLies:** You decided to produce the music in a farmhouse in the Italian countryside. How much does location affect the end result?

**DH:** A lot more than I realised. Recording in an isolated place so far away, with less distraction, gives you more clarity in your mind. There's more space, it's a slower lifestyle, it allows things to develop in a different way. Here in LA, because there's so much frenetic energy and life is faster, it's hard to find the time and space. It wasn't so much about being in a foreign country, it was more to do with the fact that you had more time.

**LWLies:** What did you learn about women's fashion in the eighteenth century?

**PC:** It varied over 100 years; from the eighteenth century to the nineteenth century it went from a very simple to a very Rococo style, then back to simple again leading up to the formation of the Empire. But the women had a lot of choices, although they followed the Queen's fashion style.

**LWLies:** What was that style?

**PC:** Marie Antoinette was really inventive and funny. There was a period when she had a wig and behaved very extravagantly. A lot of women were wearing wigs because they wanted to have a lot of hair, but there was also a serious lice problem back then. Then after that decadent phase, she started to dress more simply. Marie Antoinette was the originator of new fashions. Today, it's the designers.

**LWLies:** Can you explain the hierarchy of the wardrobe and costume departments?

**PC:** First is the costume designer who decides on the style and direction – we all have to understand her vision. She has two assistant costume designers and costume supervisors. Below that, you have the costumers and then the dressers. You have the workshop as well; head cutter, cutters, and seamstresses. Even though there's a hierarchy, you're still helping each other. It's very important to maintain harmony when you're working so closely together.

**LWLies:** How did you start out in wardrobe supervising?

**PC:** Fifteen years ago I decided to be a costumer, so I went to see a fashion designer and offered to work for free, and in exchange he taught me to sew. I worked there for a year and after that I found a job as a trainee on a movie with a costume designer. It was an awful movie – some French film. I've forgotten the name ■





CANNES FILM FESTIVAL 2006  
IN COMPETITION

IN CINEMAS ACROSS THE

★★★★  
EMPIRE


★★★★★  
LITTLE WHITE LIES

# PAN'S LABYRINTH

## 5. YOUNG'S SYMMETRIC AND ASYMMETRIC

© 2011 Universal Studios. All Rights Reserved. "Universal's Islands of Adventure" and "The Incredible Hulk Coaster" are trademarks or registered trademarks of Universal Studios. "The Incredible Hulk Coaster" is a service mark of Universal Studios. "Hulk" and "Hulkamania" are trademarks or registered trademarks of Marvel Super Hero Characters, Inc. All other trademarks and/or registered trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

WWW.PANSLABYRINTH.CO.UK



IN CINEMAS ACROSS THE

COUNTRY NOVEMBER 24TH





# LOVE YOUR LABEL

AUTUMN/WINTER COLLECTION NOW AVAILABLE



And surely never lighted on this orb,  
which she hardly seemed to touch, a  
more delightful vision. I saw her just  
above the horizon, decorating and  
cheering the elevated sphere she had just  
begun to move in—glittering like the  
morning star, full of life, and splendour,  
and joy. Oh! What a revolution! And  
what a heart I must have to contemplate  
without emotion that elevation and that  
fall! Little did I dream that I should have  
lived to see disasters fallen upon her in a  
nation of gallant men, in a nation of  
men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought  
ten thousand swords must have leaped  
from their scabbards to avenge even a  
look that threatened her with insult. But  
the age of chivalry is gone.

Edmund Burke

*Reflections on the Revolution in France*, 1790

# Chapter two

## In which we introduce our heroes



**LWLLies:**

What is it that you love about movies?

**Roman Coppola:**

There are two parts to it; what do I love about being involved in the making of movies; and what do I love about watching movies?

In terms of watching movies, it's a profound question I'm not even qualified to answer. But with any art experience, it's enlightening and it creates this pleasurable sensation of experiencing things, learning things and coming into a world that we can all understand. When you see a film that resonates with you, there is a connection that you have that reveals things about yourself. It's like a love affair you are immersed in and connected with this material

Being involved in the making of movies, there are a lot of things that come to mind: working with Sofia, working with my dad and all my other family members. When you're in an endeavour with people you like and care about, it's very gratifying to be making something, with everyone sharing the responsibility and doing your part and seeing something build up.

Movies are composed from so many interesting facets there's design and there's music, there's writing and storytelling, there's costumes, performing, chemistry, technology the list is quite long. I'm just a person who's drawn to a lot of different interests, and filmmaking just happens to be the form in which a lot of these interests collide. It's hard not to be drawn to it because it involves so many strains of the arts.





Honest, passionate and unmerciful.

[www.littlewhitelies.co.uk](http://www.littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Managing Editor**

Danny Milner  
[danny@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:danny@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Editor**

Matt Bochenko  
[matt@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:matt@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Reviews Editor**

Jonathan Williams  
[jon@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:jon@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Design & Art Direction**

Paul Willoughby [paul@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:paul@littlewhitelies.co.uk)  
Rob Longworth [rob@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:rob@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Back Section Editor**

David Jenkins  
[david@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:david@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Short Film Editor**

James Bramble  
[james@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:james@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Incoming Editor**

Adrian D'Enrico  
[adrian@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:adrian@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Staff Writers**

Monisha Rajesh [monisha@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:monisha@littlewhitelies.co.uk)  
Neon Kelly [neon@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:neon@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Fashion Editor**

Heather Whyley  
[heather@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:heather@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Website Editor**

Daniel Cullinan  
[daniel@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:daniel@littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Contributing Editors**

Kevin Maher  
Vince Medeiros



**Sales Director**

Steph Pomphrey  
[steph@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:steph@littlewhitelies.co.uk)

**Editorial Assistant**

Andrea Kurland

**Words, pictures, thanks...**

Tom Atkinson, Thomas Bacon, Adam Benzine, Jero Bevis, Mike Brett, Dan Brightmore, Lucy Burt, Carole Chater, Sam Christmas, Gues Coran, Helen Cowley, Bree Croon, Joy Daniels, Fanny Dupont, Nick Funnel, Lee Jones, Adam Lee Davies, Abigail Leliot, Kevin Maher, Kayt Manson, Tim Marrs, David Martin, Richard May, Jonas Milk, Lieu Pham, Mark Pratt, Dean Rogers, Gabry Staniszevska, Dan Stewart, Anthony Strange, Emma Tildsley, Eva Vermandel, Holly Wales, Steve Watson, Tom Young

**Distribution**

COMAG Specialist

To stock LNLier contact [andy.bollinslow@comag.co.uk](mailto:andy.bollinslow@comag.co.uk)

**Printing**

Stones The Printers

[www.stonestheprinters.co.uk](http://www.stonestheprinters.co.uk)

**Published By**

The Church Of London Publishing Ltd.

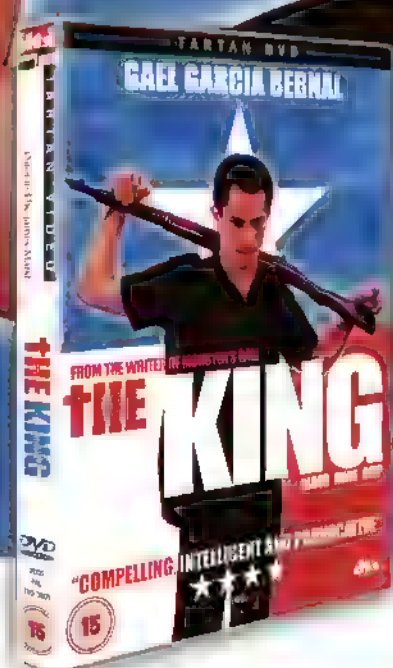
45 Rivington Street, London EC2A 1QB  
tel. 0207 7291675

*The articles appearing within this publication reflect the opinions and attitudes of their respective authors and not necessarily those of the publishers or editorial team*

© TCOLondon Publishing Ltd. 2006



# Gael Garcia Bernal



ON DVD SEPTEMBER 25<sup>TH</sup>  
AVAILABLE FROM



top dog for music · dvd · games

# THE KING

**BLOOD RUNS DEEP**

**"COMPELLING, INTELLIGENT  
AND PROVOCATIVE"**



[tartanvideo.com](http://tartanvideo.com)





## SUBSCRIBE & WIN!

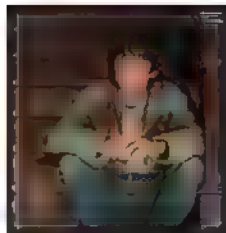
Send us your name, address and email and in return we'll bung you our next five issues for £15

If you're after back issues, e-mail us at [editorial@littlewhitelies.co.uk](mailto:editorial@littlewhitelies.co.uk)

This issue, the first 10 people to subscribe get a copy of the DVD of *Brick* (released on 18 September), courtesy of Optimum Releasing.

Please send a cheque or postal order to:  
**LWLies Magazine**  
45 Rivington Street  
London EC2A 3QB

Cheques to be made payable to  
The Church Of London Publishing Ltd



## LETTERS

What do you have to say for yourselves? Gaffer Antoinette says. "Whatever I'm just a roll of gaffer tape. Take your letters and stick 'em."

## IT'S GOOD, YEAH

I think *Volver* was possibly your best issue yet. I particularly enjoyed the non-film-related content. It's rare that a mag (particularly a film mag) stimulates me like that. Adam Lee Davies is a genius, his review of *The Best Of Times* DVD is a lesson in intelligent and witty analysis of little known American '80s sports movies! It saddens me to be critical, and it may simply be defensive geekiness and nostalgia talking, but your *A Scanner Darkly* reviewer describing *Total Recall* as 'sillier fare' suggests that she needs a few beers and another viewing of the (still) hugely popular 1990 acid action fest before she re-watches the fantastic (and yes, far more authentically Dick) Linklater flick.

**Mark**

## WOODY YOU KNOW?

*Little White Lies* is possibly the best thing for people who love films on the newsagent stands nowadays, a magazine

truly about films rather than about George Lucas or advertising. But please, tell me, how could *Match Point* be better than *Melinda And Melinda*? How could the bad dialogue, atrocious acting and truly artificial storyline not chafe anyone who has spent enough time with English people to realise that such stereotyping is bilious and bigoted? I'm sure everybody's just too polite to say that Woody Allen has made *Match Point* before, and it was a much better movie - namely *Crimes And Misdemeanors*. You can drop me the official line now. Or probably just ignore me. I still like the magazine. Patiently waiting for the *Marie Antoinette* issue, I presume?

**Andrew Kong**

In hindsight, neither film was that great and it's past time to call Woody Allen to account. As for the scores, we have a wide variety of people writing for us with different tastes. As long as the writing's honest, passionate

and unmerciful that's all we care about.

## COVER QUESTION

You've probably been asked this a million times, but what's the deal with the cover movies? Not like, how come you gave a whole mag to a movie that you don't always like? But how do you actually choose the cover? Why *Volver*, say? Are you just being deliberately 'niche' or is there a bit more thought going into it?

**Rachel**

We don't think of ourselves as a 'niche' magazine any more than we think of ourselves as 'mainstream'. Our cover films are intended to reflect a diverse taste in movies, but even then, we don't ask whether a film is cool enough or big enough for a *LWLies* cover, just whether or not it gets our juices pumping

## OWN WORST NME

As a fanatical film fan and subscriber to *LWLies*, I am pleased, no, relieved to see

that you have stopped trying to be a one issue *NME* and returned to what you do best, being a film magazine. I can dig the Beastie Boys, but I don't think they belonged on the cover of your mag. The idea of it was as weird as someone like *Wallpaper\** putting Don Johnson on the cover. It just didn't fit.

**Graham Harbottle**

## FYI

The *Prestige* trailer looks amazing. Just thought I'd mention it.

**Bobby Digital**

Damn straight

## PRETTY VACANT

I only recently started buying your magazine, and am puzzled by one aspect - fashion. What has fashion got to do with film? I enjoy the shoots, they're pretty inventive, but they seem a little out of place in the rest of the content. What's the deal?

**Claire**

That's just our sensitive arty side revealed to the world



Gaffer Antoinette by Holly Wales





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

www.carhartt-streetwear.com - work as agreed - authorized distributor for europe © 2008 carhartt inc. USA carhartt and carhartt are registered trademarks of carhartt inc. carhartt

carhartt



Chapter three.  
In which we  
discuss themes of  
uncommon interest  
inspired by our  
feature film.



*Marrakech was  
pioneered by  
generations of  
party seekers and  
style icons — the  
modern Marie  
Antoinettes. But  
does it still hold  
the key to the doors  
of perception?*

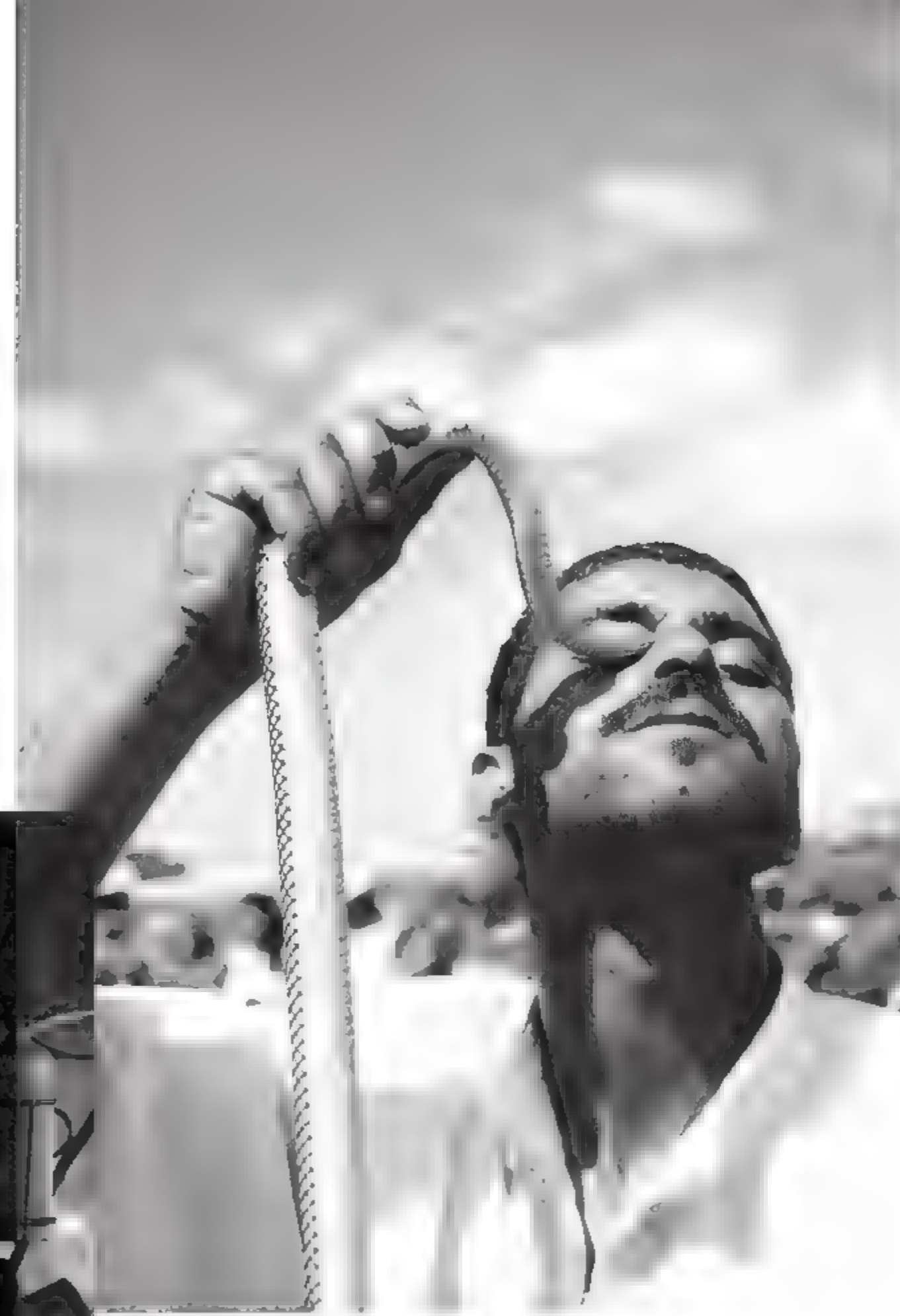
WORDS BY MATT BOCHENSKI  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL WILLOUGHBY

# GHOSTS OF MARRAKECH



The streets of Morocco are paved with the footprints of Occidentals – of thieves, spies, thugs, phonies, bandits, tramps, icons and heroes. Of Majorelle painting forgotten watercolours in the garden that long outlived them. Of William Burroughs and the Do Easy life,

booze, boys and Naked Lunch. Of Ornette Coleman, packing whisky and codeine, to Joujouka, the Master Musicians and a jazz-fusion 4000 years in the making. Of Brian Jones and the Rolling Stones, one more stop on the road to magic, meditation and meltdown. Of the Jimi Hendrix experience – print the legend, believe the dreams.



They were the rock 'n' roll rabble – fashion leaders, style icons and party animals – and Marrakech was their key to the doors of perception. The Berbers call it the 'Land of God, 'Murakuch', this city behind its strutting edifice of ochre walls; walls that speak of limitless age, as if each step down each cavernous alley is a step through history. But anybody following in the footsteps of the LSD generation will find the dusty tracks of the hippie trail repaved with go faster footing. These streets are noise and diesel – everywhere acrid fumes sand – blasting your lungs, horns competing while donkeys, mute and mournful, stand sullenly in their own waste, their smell and the human stench of sewage mixed to a choking soup. Old promises are exposed. The tranquillity of walled gardens is broken by the excited clamour of children, wide eyes, wide smiles, bright teeth. They want money, time, money, attention, money. There is none, and the first rock they throw lands with the sharp 'skit' of cracking rubble. They want money: skit. Time: skit. Money: skit. This is Berber commerce as practiced in the *Djemaa El Fna*, the Square of Death where public execution gave way to the slow torture of tourists by snake charmers and bell ringers – cutthroat smiles and weighing scale eyes, foreigners painted with a laser target. ▼





In the souks that stretch for miles, forever lurching, circling from street to street everything is colour and people and questions. “Tell me what it is you want.” “England?” “London?” “You tell me what it is now exactly you want.” But what exactly do you want from Marrakech? Something specific? Not a tea set or water pipe or carved wooden whatever. We want something... different

We’re chasing a train that’s already left the station – the Marrakech Express that freewheeled into town under clear Moroccan skies. In the rare moments of silence in the city you can hear the echo of the music it left behind when the sound of the drums carries over the rooftops. You can sense the vapour trail of drugs and sex that disappeared into the ether of decades shifting into decades. And you know that if it’s out there, it’s behind doors slammed shut, and only the international key card of money and glamour is going to force them open.

So it’s up to us to step out of the chill of dead men’s lives. The alternative is ennui: the dislocation of looking for something that’s long gone. Here and now, Marrakech is the same place, different scene. It’s no longer a part of the freak street that stretched from Istanbul to Kathmandu, but a destination in its own right, only three hours from continental Europe. The skies have been opened by the likes of Atlas Blue, the low cost airline set up as part of Vision 2010, a national project designed to increase the country’s tourist capacity. Next year Marrakech alone, a city of one million people, expects to receive eight million visitors.

There is still extravagance in Marrakech – maybe more than there was before. As jet set dollars rain over the city, hard drugs have become the hard cash of a luxury lifestyle. Down a cobbled path, behind an unremarkable door, the Riad Lotus Pearl is a glimpse of this hidden world – an Art Deco palace of tranquil pools and the snapping of canvas on a roof terrace. Each of the five rooms, in the greys and blacks of timeless good taste, are named for an icon of global style: Marilyn, Coco, Gatsby, Kennedy, Helmut Newton. You pay for the elegance and the silence, cloistered from the teeming streets by thick walls and quiet good manners.

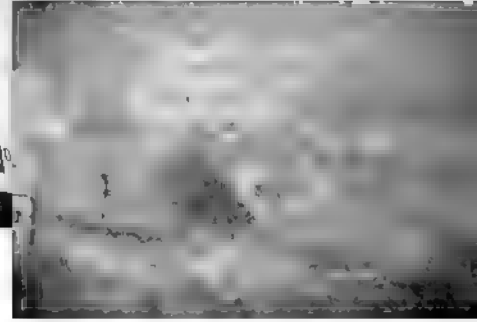
To Constance Thiollier, the hotel manager, the legacy of Marrakech’s early visitors is an image of a “dream-like city where everything is possible”. But this is also a city supported by the twin

pillars of Islam and globalisation – two forces that are shaping the modern party scene in uncertain ways. There are bars in Marrakech, but they take some finding, sequestered away from the old quarter, hidden behind heavy velvet curtains. Inside, an eerie familiarity – the drinks, the people, the place – only broken by the off-kilter rhythm of a belly dancer.

The western world is inching across the seas and sands of Africa in the satellite dishes and the Beckham brand snaked across the shoulders of Moroccan kids. It’s transforming the reeling unconscious of Marrakech into the processed sanity of modern life. Its latest incarnation is Pacha, a sprawling, sweeping complex of bars, restaurants, pool and club. This is entertainment on an industrial scale; a sumptuous fun-time factory line. Tiesto is in the booth and three thousand people have surged towards him, camera phones like votive offerings. In person, he’s Dutch, serious. He claims “it’s all about the music”, but this won’t stop him shutting down the roof-top bar for himself. But up there it changes, or at least, it makes sense, the self-possession of somebody who controls people with the touch of a button ▼







But this crowd is different; full of tight white jeans and slicked back hair. There's no strung-out haze, no sweat-soaked enlightenment. This is all business, it's about hooking up, not shooting up, see and be seen. Afterwards two Old Compton Street queens will complain long and hard about the lack of drugs, how Tiesto was trying to tweak the crowd, bring them up, but there was nothing to be brought. Is this the embryo of a radical new scene? Is this the generation that gets off on itself, high on life? Is this the way it should be—a bit of good clean fun—or is it another nail in the coffin of the city that used to be?

That's Marrakech for us—full of questions, full of footprints spoiling the sand, full of families, full of noise, full of possibility, full of dead ideals, full of life, full of ghosts ■

*With thanks to: [www.atlas-blue.com](http://www.atlas-blue.com) / [www.radslots.com](http://www.radslots.com) / [www.pachamarrakech.com](http://www.pachamarrakech.com)*







pointer®

[www.pointerfootware.com](http://www.pointerfootware.com)







# WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

WORDS BY NEON KELLY ILLUSTRATION BY JIRO BEVIS

**With an extended family that includes Nic Cage and Jason Schwartzman, it's no small achievement that Roman Coppola might be the oddest, most elusive and most inventive member of the Coppola brood.**

They say that creativity runs in the genes, but even in the context of his celebrated kin, Roman Coppola is an unusual force of innovation. A visit to the director's website turns up the expected portfolio of commercials and promos, yet it also reveals a dizzying array of original designs: a theme park ride that simulates the terrors of a plane crash, an ice-cream stand housed in the body of an upturned cone; a car that blends the best elements of a mouse and a sports coupe. There's even a patented magic trick, The Ghost Card, which is already distributed on an international level—more than Paul Daniels has ever achieved.

"It's a tendency in my personality," says the 41-year-old. "My imagination is always at work, so if I see anything, a lot of times it'll make me wonder, 'How could that be different?' or 'What would I do if I was doing that?' It's just part of my nature to be always questioning and wondering about things. With the magic trick, it wasn't like I said, 'I want to invent a magic trick'—it was something I read about, and realized that this would make a neat magic trick if used in a particular way. ▼



# What's striking about Roman Coppola is that the scope of his imagination doesn't recognise the boundaries of creative fields. One minute he's directing a short film about the colour red for the adidas adicolor campaign, the next he's inventing the Photobubble

"I've always got these notions. About three years ago, when I started the Roman Coppola Studio, I decided I was going to make this into a very serious hobby, and create a kind of art studio to actually realise these ideas, even if the realisation is just a proposal. That became my new hobby; to take all those little things you might muse about and say, 'Hey, I'm going to propose it'—either with an illustration or with a piece of text. With those ideas that seem to be calling out to be realised further, like the magic trick, I'm going to produce them."

Coppola's ideas are released through two major portals: The Roman Coppola Studio and The Director's Bureau. The Bureau, whose aesthetic is best described as part hippie kid, part J-cool, part post-pop culture playfulness, is a self-styled collective of 'trendsetters and culture-makers', that Coppola co-founded with Mike Mills (director of indie flick *Thumbsucker*) back in 1996. They've worked on shorts, music videos and several high-profile advertising campaigns for clients like Coke and The Gap. Coppola is particularly enthusiastic about the recent creation of a new Special Projects division, which has further expanded the diversity of the Bureau's output.

"Special Projects is basically taking far-out ideas and applying them to a commercial partnership," he says. "If Mini Cooper say they want to reach young people and do some form of attention-getting promotion, we can say, 'How about having 20 Vikings carry a Mini Cooper down Fifth Avenue?' We can do a publicity stunt, or make a short about it, or do something for the web. We can use our production experience, so I know how to get some Vikings, I know where to get costumes, how to prepare them and all that."

What's striking about Roman Coppola is that the scope of his imagination doesn't recognise the boundaries of creative fields. One minute he's directing a short film about the colour red for the adidas adicolor campaign; the next he's inventing the Photobubble, an inflatable filming environment for shooting pure white space—picture a back-lit blow-up dome the size of a small aircraft hangar. This last creation was born out of a technical hurdle Coppola faced while making a car commercial, but has since become a highly successful product in its own right. "It was a perfect thing for me. I was doing a project, there was a weird need, we solved the problem and that splintered out and became a whole other invention. That's my favourite thing, cooking up crazy things and seeing them come to life."

This reverence for ideas is partly inspired by the work of Yoko Ono and the Fluxus artists of the '60s, who believed that a concept could in itself be seen as a work of art. Perhaps the definitive example of this philosophy is Coppola's music video for Phoenix's 'Funky Square Dance', which now resides in the permanent collection at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Here the format of the medium is subverted entirely, resulting in a nine-minute clip where the story of the video's creation is the video itself. It begins with excerpts from the first commissioning emails, then swiftly evolves into a stream-of-consciousness that encompasses space shuttles, the director's relationship with his family, and recommendations for dining in LA.

Aside from the Fluxus influence, Coppola rejects the suggestion that he follows a single aesthetic, saying that he prefers to adapt his style to follow the demands of a given task: "Maybe that comes from shooting a lot of second-unit work, fitting into other people's needs. My style does have a theme. I'm

interested in things that don't really have to be. If someone feels compelled to make a painting, it's not a necessary thing—the world doesn't need a painting. But in actual fact we really need art, beauty, paintings. It's unnecessary, but then it's incredibly necessary."

Second-unit direction (the smaller second-unit team may shoot inserts, stunts and other non-dialogue scenes) has been a key part of Coppola's career since 1992, when he worked on *Bram Stoker's Dracula* with his father. Since then he's become something of a go-to guy for a certain type of Gen Y filmmaker, pitching in on Wes Anderson's *The Life Aquatic* and the features made by his sister, Sofia. But this participation is still informed by his own sense of ingenuity. "I enjoy second-unit work in that I like making things out of what's at hand," he says. "If you put me in a room with a bunch of popsicle sticks, some glue and cardboard and tell me to make what looks like a telephone, I'd enjoy that."

Coppola's halowed reputation as a second-unit director has even prompted a grinding of the rumour mills. Whispers allege that the success of *Lost in Translation* was purely down to his bits, that by extension he is the person responsible for his sister's current standing. It's not a charge that sticks.

"It's flattering to hear, but I don't know who would say that. Sofia is the author of that movie—she's the creative wellspring. In a way, it's nice to think that some of the little pieces I got in there were appreciated, but it's kind of dorky to start attributing things. Certainly I can take credit for some bits of Sofia's movies, but everyone would agree that she deserves the praise."

To date Coppola has only directed one film of his own. 2001's *CQ*, it was well received by critics, but it's unlikely to get a stable mate anytime soon. While he does have plans, he feels protective of the cinematic medium, in contrast to the experimental nature of his other work. The significance of the Coppola name has played a part in this decision.

"Due to this heritage there is an inclination on my part not to treat a feature lightly, to make it a special thing. *CQ* really came from my heart, it really sprang out of me, and I want the next thing I do to do that too. I would have used every possible means to make it happen and realise it, and that's the kind of feeling you have to have when you make a film. It's difficult to get money and actors unless everyone believes in what you're doing. So, I feel that until I am compelled to make a movie, I won't make one."

Still, Coppola is hardly slumped on the sofa. He has just finished co-writing *The Darjeeling Ltd* with Wes Anderson, and will act as producer for the film when principal photography begins in India next year. Then there's the expected array of inventions from his studio and releases from The Director's Bureau, about which he prefers to stay tight-lipped. He is a busy man—and he wouldn't have it any other way.

"I'm happiest when things are flowing. With all these endeavours, there are a ton of frustrations—something doesn't happen right, or there's a misunderstanding. But then there's a satisfaction, like 'Wow, that worked! That's life, you know? You have great days, you have shitty days. I feel like I'm in a lucky, vibrant period where I have a lot of opportunity, so I'm going to go for it right now.'" ■



# COPPOLA LIES

So you think you know the  
Coppola clan? Think again...

WORDS BY JAMES BRAMBLE

Francis Ford Coppola was the great gambler of the movie brats; charismatic, charming, egotistical and cavalier. He was the entrepreneur as artist, a venture capitalist with a camera. Famously, when asked what he would do if he had a billion dollars, he replied that he would use it as a down payment on something **REALLY big.**

Here **LWLies** explores the different aspects of one of the movie industry's most publicised families, and reveals a side that you may not have known ▼



# THE FAMILY.

## ZOETROPE ALL-STORY.

The first and most famous Coppola enterprise was American Zoetrope, a high-profile flick-off to the Hollywood studios, albeit one bankrolled by Warner Bros. Symbolically locating itself in San Francisco, heart of American counter-culture, Zoetrope aimed to wrest film production away from the suits in LA, and hand power back to the artists, principally Coppola and George Lucas. In reality, when Warners pulled the plug the dream foundered.

Today, while Zoetrope lives on by providing funding and post-production facilities, ostensibly for the Coppola clan, *Zoetrope All-Story*, an award-winning print magazine, maintains the early Zoetrope ethic by providing a forum for aspiring short-story writers and established names such as Gabriel Garcia Marquez, David Mamet, Steven Spielberg and Salman Rushdie. The magazine has won every major short-story prize in America.

A different artist is invited to design each issue, with past designers including Helmut Newton, David Bowie, Jeff Koons, Peter Greenaway and David Byrne. The magazine also organises literary prizes and writing workshops, while the website includes a 'Virtual Studio', an online forum for screenwriters to share scripts and hone their craft.

While the Coppola brood are akin to Hollywood royalty, even beyond Roman, Jason Schwartzman, and Nic Cage, the big man has always endeavoured to keep it in the family, most famously in 1990 when he received widespread criticism for casting Sofia in the role of Mary Corleone in *The Godfather Part III*, after Winona Ryder pulled out.

Family members who have contributed to Coppola senior's films include his father, Carmine, who composed music for both *The Godfather Part II* and *Part III*, and Uncle Antonio, who was opera adviser on *The Godfather Part III*.

Son Roman has acted as second unit director on Sofia's films, as well as directing Zoetrope's *CQ*, the story of a young filmmaker who moves to Paris to make sci-fi films. Roman also heads Black Diamond productions, making commercials, documentaries and multimedia projects. Brother August Floyd is involved with Audio Vision, providing taped soundtracks for blind cinemagoers, while his nephews are aspiring directors: Chris Coppola makes Ed Wood-style B-movies such as *Creature*, which features two separated-at-birth twin brothers, one black, one white, both racist; Bruno Coppola was financial adviser on *The Godfather Part III* and recently directed a short entitled *Stuff That Bear*. Coppola's sister, Talia Shire, played Connie Corleone in all three *Godfather* films.

## FOOD AND WINE.

Flush with royalties from *The Godfather Part II*, Coppola bought the Inglenook Estate in California's Napa valley in 1975. The vineyards sit on land previously owned by Gustave Niebaum, a wealthy fur trader who took some Bordeaux vines and created one of the most celebrated wines in America.

The estate now produces a variety of wines, prominently labelled 'Coppola'. The most prestigious belong to the Diamond collection, which includes the Rubicon Claret. The estate also produces less expensive wines under the 'Rosso' and 'Blanco' labels, as well as Rosé and Blanc de Blancs under the 'Sofia' brand. For brattish California girls eager to spend daddy's cash on things that are, like, totally awesome, the Blanc de Blanc is available in cans, four for \$20.

Coppola's other edible enterprises include a variety of Italian food: organic pasta sauce (named after the family nickname for his mother, Mammarella) and pasta, made in bronze moulds, with a distinct 'mouthfeel'. That's apparently a good thing.



## SKIN CREAM

Developed in the Napa Valley by Roman Coppola and a group of friends, Uvavita is a skin care line derived primarily from grape seed oil which, apparently, contains one of the most highly concentrated antioxidants: grape seed polyphenols.

Uvavita say: "These efficient biological derivatives and plant extracts restore and rejuvenate the skin's natural suppleness and elasticity. Fine lines and other signs of aging are visibly reduced, leaving your skin revitalised."

Or alternatively, it's a clever way to take a worthless by-product of the family wine industry, mash it up and sell it at inflated prices to vulnerable, wealthy American women at \$53 a jar. Score.

## CAFES AND RESTAURANTS

Since 1994, the Rubicon restaurant has been co-owned by Coppola, Robert De Niro and Robin Williams in San Francisco. It's as famous for its wine list as its food, which includes Szechwan Pepper Glazed Squab and Foie Gras Stuffed Asian Pear with Wild Arugula and Pine Nuts. Simple fare. But with a three course set menu for \$68, you can't complain too much.

There are also two cafés, both called Niebaum-Coppola, which sell, wait for it, rustic Italian food and Coppola wines. The Sentinel building café, located on the ground floor of the copper-clad Sentinel building where Zoetrope Studios has been based since 1972, has heated pavements and Parisian awnings to allow al fresco dining. Its sister café is located in Palo Alto, California, where presumably such things aren't necessary.

## RESORTS

Despite the trauma of shooting *Apocalypse Now* in the Philippines (heart attacks, nervous breakdowns, affairs, mumbling actors) Coppola seems to have become so enamoured of the sub-tropical environment that he's built three jungle resorts: The Blancaneaux Lodge and Turtle Inn in Belize, and the La Lancha Resort in Guatemala. All the properties, while providing luxury service, offer an authentic rustic experience.

Opened in 1993, The Blancaneaux Lodge consists of a series of wooden cabanas high in the rainforest of Belize. It benefits from a private hydroelectric plant that harnesses the power of the local river, providing 24-hour electricity. The surplus heat generated is used for the lodge's spa. Vegetable gardens and orange groves supply produce for the hotel's kitchens, which, like all Coppola joints, serve traditional Italian cuisine. The Turtle Inn also features wooden cabanas, but is situated by the sea, with a Balinese influence. La Lancha benefits from both a lake and rainforest. Coppola is also rumoured to be opening a hotel in the South of Italy.

## REDONDA

In 1865 Matthew Dowdy Shiell, a banker from Montserrat, bought a small, uninhabited isle in the Leeward Islands, West Indies, of approximately one square mile. Proclaiming himself King, he formally requested the title from Queen Victoria, who agreed on the basis that there be no revolt against British power. The title subsequently passed through many hands, most of them attached to drunkards and adventurers, usually for cash, falling eventually to Javier Marias in 1997.

Not content with his new-found royalty, Marias, a writer, established a publishing house entitled Kingdom of Redonda, and created a literary prize – the reward being several thousand euros and a Redondan duchy. Several artists have since been granted Redondan titles, including Francis Ford Coppola, Duke of Megalopolis and Honorary Ambassador, though what this actually means is unclear. Other recipients include Pedro Almodóvar, the Duke of Trémula, and JM Coetzee, the Duke of Deshonra.

Coppola's title is a reference to the screenplay which he has been developing since at least the early '90s. *Megalopolis* is set in modern New York, and is described by the director as "a Roman epic, a Cecil B DeMille picture, a shape-of-things-to-come film" or, "one man's battle to build an ideal world". There have been periodic rumours of the film going into pre-production with Marlon Brando, Nicolas Cage, Russell Crowe, Warren Beatty, Robert De Niro, Paul Newman, Parker Posey and Kevin Spacey all supposed to have been involved at one point in time. But Coppola recently declared at the Busto Arsizio Festival in Italy that we're unlikely to see it anytime soon. ■



In 1862, Louis Ernest Ladurée, a miller from the south west of France, opened a bakery at 16, Rue Royale in Paris. After a fire nine years later, the bakery was transformed into a pastry shop, later a tea room, and French café society was born.

Jules Cheret was commissioned to paint the new store. Taking his inspiration from the Sistine Chapel and the Garnier Opera House, he transformed Ladurée into a beacon of refined taste and elegant luxury. Ever since, the food – a sumptuous array of decadent cakes and chocolates – has followed suit. Who better, then, to provide the patisseries for *Marie Antoinette*, and where better to find some mouth watering morsels?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL WILLOUGHBY  
WITH THANKS TO ALL THE STAFF AT LADURÉE HARRODS





818211111



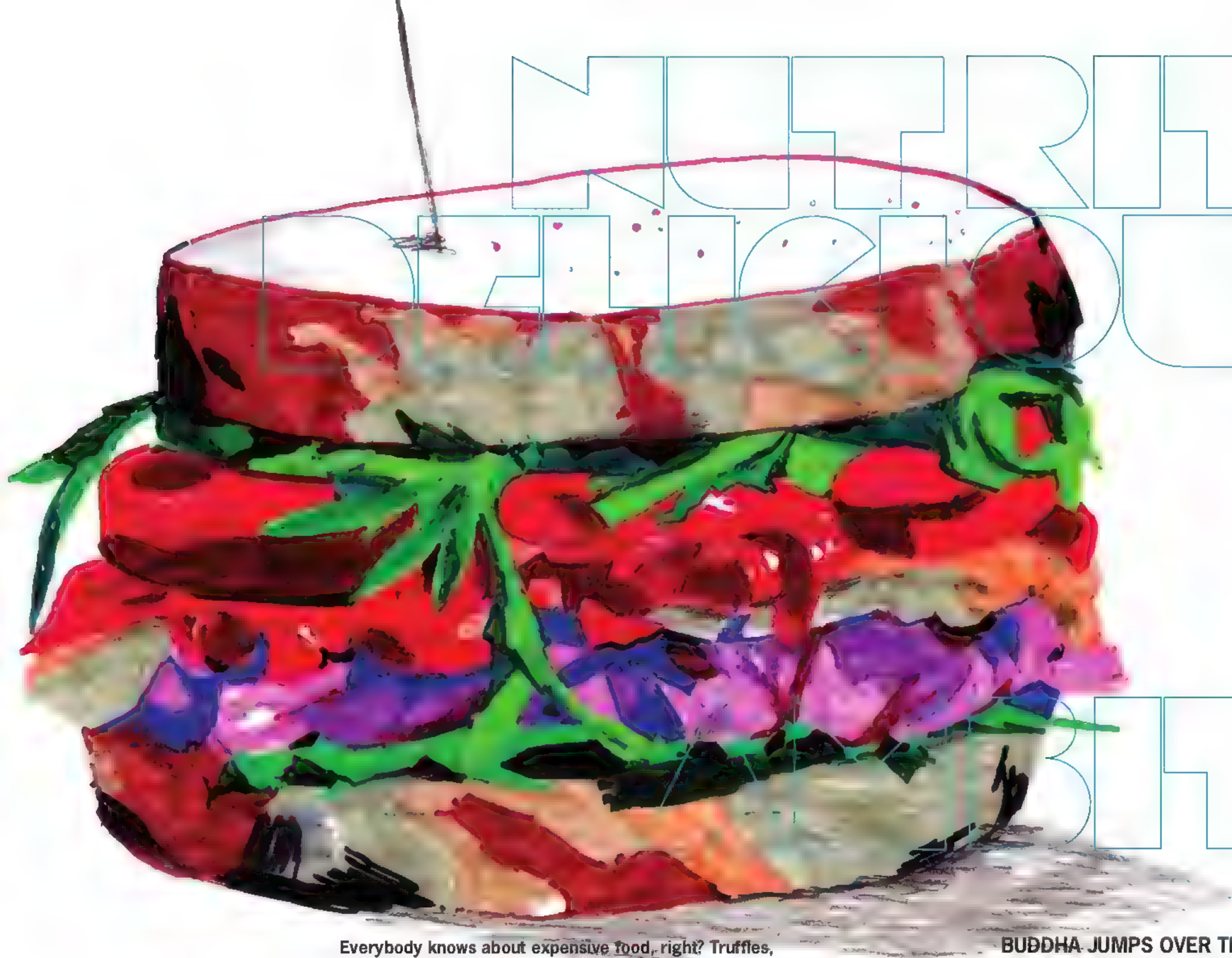






1886-1986





MUTTERTIONS,  
BROTIONS,  
BITIONS.

WORDS BY MONISHA RAJESH  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOLLY WALES

Everybody knows about expensive food, right? Truffles, caviar, champagne and crustaceans. But when we asked award-winning *Times* food columnist Giles Coren to pick some decadent dishes, he came up with something a little more out of the ordinary. And as he's the man who named Ronald McDonald ("the poisonous criminal bastard") the most influential chef of all time, we're not really that surprised.

#### BUDDHA JUMPS OVER THE WALL

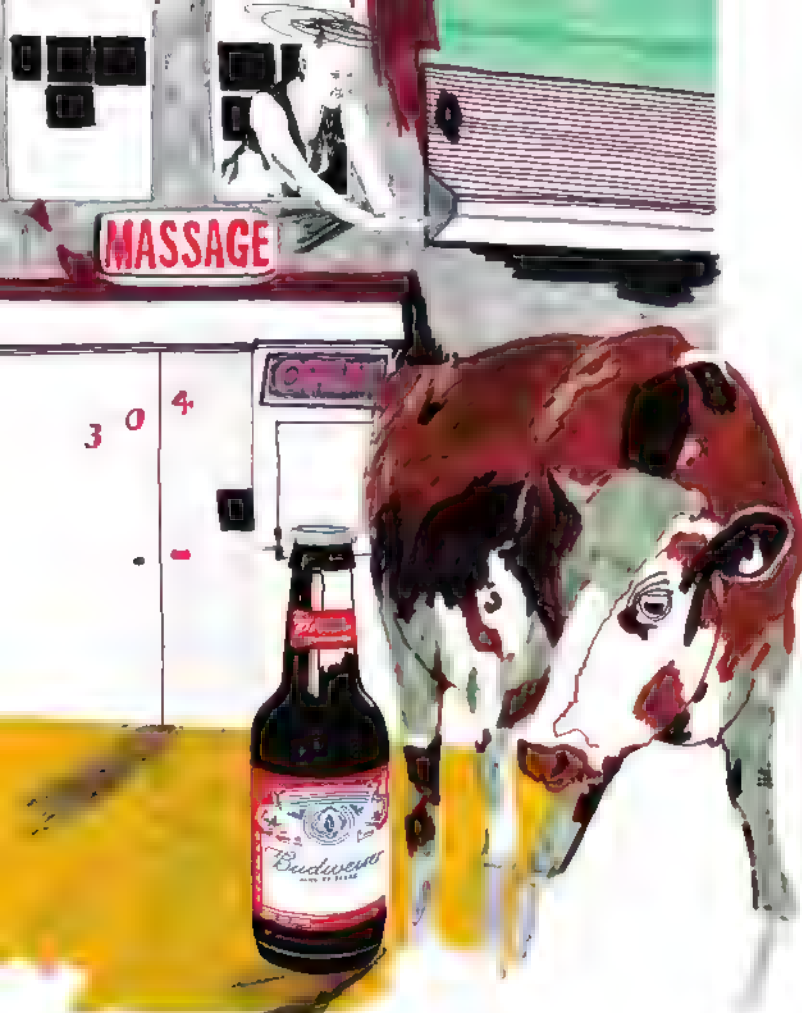
Soup? That's right. Ka, a Chinese restaurant in Mayfair, is in the *Guinness Book Of Records* for creating the most expensive bowl of broth in the world — the £108 'Buddha Jumps Over The Wall'. Legend has it that the Buddha, waking a long one day, smelled a wonderful soup nearby. Overcome by its tantalising aroma, he jumped over a wall, following his nose, and a dish was born.

Its ingredients include shark's fin, Japanese flower mushroom, sea

cucumber, dried scallop, chicken, ginseng and one whole abalone. "You know abalone," says Coren, "more expensive preserved than fresh — the older it is the better." Bernard Yeoh, the owner of Ka, elaborates. Abalone is a large sea snail that grows an inch every year and is normally about five years old when harvested, at which point it costs about £60. He places a plate of sliced abalone on baby karatan with truffle juice on the table, and from the unspeakably fine taste, it's clear the process pays off.

The abalone is steamed for six to seven hours, and in total the soup ▼





takes a period of three days to cook, to ensure the flavours are intensified. The result is a pure, translucent, but rich dish – garnished with gold flakes to symbolise long life, prosperity and good fortune. Bernard has maybe three group orders a month on average, and admits it's more out of curiosity that people try the soup. But there are a few stoic supporters out there who ring five days in advance to pre-order it.

## WAGYU BEEF

The wonderful Wagyu beef comes from fat Japanese cows who, like Charlotte Church, are beerfed and massaged weekly. Fed top-quality grain and condemned to a life of luxury, their only form of exercise is one weekly arse-dragging into a private stable where they suffer the attention of trained masseurs, to make their meat so tender it simply melts like an ice cube on a flame.

According to Coren, Selfridges uses Wagyu beef in what it claims is the most expensive sandwich in the country – at £85, it's the equivalent of buying the Boots 'Meal Deal' every day for a month. A quick trip down Oxford Street confirms the madness. The sour dough bread is fermented for 24-hours and spread with foie gras mayonnaise at 30 quid a pound, and black truffle at 340 a pound. The Wagyu fillet is seared for two minutes on both sides in a pan, and more foie gras is slapped on before being refrigerated for 15 minutes and sliced. English cherry tomatoes, peppers roasted on a naked flame, and a hearty layer of Brie de Meaux, apparently the finest fromage in Europe, finish off the gargantuan, 2000-calorie gourmet delight.

## BEAR

Bear is a delicacy across many far eastern countries, with the paw especially prized as an ingredient used in soups. However, in Alaska, bear is thrown around wily-nilly like bangers on a barbecue. In regions well known for salmon, the meat is generally considered better quality in the spring, while in late autumn, it's the berry-eating grizzlies that are the most sought after.

Tender bear meat is used for steaks or roasting, while less tender meat is marinated or smoked, and often made into sausages and processed into ham. The Chinese will include stewed bear's paw and spare-rib casserole on menus, but these are eye-poppingly expensive, and give poachers leeway to charge anything from £10 to £40 per mitt.

## ALCOHOL

It only makes sense to accompany fine dining with fine wine, and Coren estimates that a 100-year-old vintage bottle of Château d'Yquem would set you back around £10,000. At least. Third American president Thomas Jefferson was a crazed oenophile; the proud owner of a 1787 Château d'Yquem which was auctioned for £28,000 – more as a result of his ownership than the scarcity of the wine. It now lives in the Forbes collection in New York, and most probably tastes like piss.

Closer to home, Manchester's Harvey Nichols bar launched a cocktail in 2003 called 'The Dazzle', priced at £15,250. An elixir of rose champagne, strawberry liquor, lychee liquor, lemon juice and syrup, it's what's lurking at the bottom that costs the bomb – a six and a half-carat pink tourmaline and diamond ring, set in 18-carat white gold. And if you do have a moment of madness and opt for one, the drink will be flanked by security when brought to your table. ■





# 14<sup>TH</sup> RAINDANCE FILM FESTIVAL

27.09.06-08.10.06



Apparently the best independent film  
from the UK and around the world.  
For full details visit [www.raindance.co.uk](http://www.raindance.co.uk)

THE INDEPENDENT

Planet

FILM

TV

gettyimages

BRITAIN'S

BRITAIN'S

BRITAIN'S

BRITAIN'S

BRITAIN'S

BRITAIN'S

BRITAIN'S



# COOL LAND

WORDS BY MARK PRATT / ILLUSTRATION BY TIM MARRS

# GANG

In his recent book *Rip It Up And Start Again*, Simon Reynolds argues that post-punk was the greatest era of rock; "a fabulous wealth of sounds and ideas that rivals the 60s as a golden age for music." Along with Joy Division, The Fall and Public Image Ltd, Gang of Four were at the forefront of this new wave of slashing staccato guitars, churning beats and jagged melodies. But despite Reynolds' claim, for many fans the post-punk genre remains mysterious, recognisable only in the distant sounds of Bloc Party and Franz Ferdinand, both of whom regularly name-drop Gang of Four as an influence.

Singer Jon King, guitarist Andy Gill, bass guitarist Dave Allen and drummer Hugo Burnham first met at Leeds University in the mid-70s. Fully active from 1977 to 1984, they re-emerged twice in the 90s with King and Gill. In 2005, the original line-up reunited. In describing the stimulus to form a band, Andy Gill cites "Bob Dylan, Jimi Hendrix, The Velvet Underground, Bowie, Iggy Pop to a certain extent, dub reggae on a massive scale." They were the "lexicon of musical ideas," he explains. "I knew I liked making a racket on guitar and I knew there was a form of communication that I could achieve with that. I think that was my motivation at the time."

It's easy to envisage a post-punk 'scene', a collective of bands consciously reacting against the clichés of punk, yet Gill is averse to this retrospective romanticism – even to the claim that there was a shared fashion or sound. In fact, he's reluctant to engage with the very idea of post-punk. "In a perfect world I wouldn't be happy with it. In an imperfect world, people will stick shorthand labels on things to give a rough idea of what it is you're talking about."

Instead, the Leeds scene, which acquired a certain reputation for mutuality, is sketched as a varied social mix rather than a particularly defined 'movement'. "I think the interesting thing was, all the bands were so different. If you think of our contemporaries at the time, there was the Rough Trade lot like Red Crayola and The Raincoats, and they couldn't be more different. And then there were bands like Joy Division, again, totally different, but having shared aesthetics in some sense or other. The Mekons, again, totally totally different." ▼

IT FEELS LIKE GANG OF FOUR NEVER REALLY WENT AWAY – THEY'VE BEEN ENDORSED BY SOPHIA COPPOLA, IDOLISED BY FRANZ FERDINAND AND NAME-DROPPED BY MICHAEL STIPE. BUT WHO ARE THEY, AND HOW DID A RABBLE OF NORTHERN MARXISTS GAIN GLOBAL FAME? LIZ LAYES TALKS PUNK POLITICS AND SELLING OUT WITH GANG GUITARIST ANDY GILL



There must have been some kind of social integration, though? "There was a bunch of people who tended to hang out together and go drinking in the same boozers. There would be occasional evenings where in one corner there'd be Marc Almond, in another corner Scotti Pollitt, and then The Mekons over there, Delta 5 over there, and Gang of Four over here, all in the same boozers. But obviously Soft Cell and Gang of Four have got very little in common; at times Gang of Four and Scotti Pollitt did have a certain amount in common, but not so much later on."

There was, however, a definite political side to Gang of Four that, particularly in their early albums, was often candidly expressed. The artwork for their 1979 debut, *Entertainment!*, depicts a tableau of three crude images – as an Indian shakes hands with a cowboy, the text that winds around the images reads, 'The Indian smiles, he thinks that the cowboy is his friend. The cowboy smiles, he is glad the Indian is fooled. Now he can exploit him.' This provocative cover was not so much a racial comment as an oblique attack on media presentation and one of Gill's favourite themes – the labels and images that are inevitably attached to people and products to manipulate them.

Although the album's opener, 'Ether', is a direct protest at the British occupation of Northern Ireland, many of their lyrics engage in a Marxist narrative of alienated labour and economic exploitation. Their songs are littered with images of tangled desire ("Fornication makes you happy"), commodity obsession ("It's on the market / You're on the price list") and cultural vacuity ("He fills his head with culture / He gives himself an ulcer"). But there's a certain tension within the album – energetic, funky and often supremely melodic, Gang of Four were, in many ways, a pop band; albeit a pop band singing about stark societal meltdown.

This contradiction was crystallised in their decision to sign to music giant EMI. They faced accusations of compromise and even hypocrisy, but Gill is very clear on the fact that signing to a major (whose main artist at the time was Cliff Richard) was crucial to the band's very essence:

"We weren't worried about any sense of compromise. We felt then, and I feel now, that EMI is the perfect record label for Gang of Four. Given all the subjects that go through our music – all the stuff that's really important, all the contradictions, and all the things about the individual and big business, the micro and the macro, all of these themes that run through our songs – it was the perfect label for us."

But didn't that move signal a surrender to the forces of capitalism? Gill doesn't believe so: "I've never wanted to change the capitalist beast from within. The point is, we are all complicit – that is one of the central themes of Gang of Four. We're not standing on the sidelines finger-wagging at the naughty capitalists. What we're talking about is real life, and how we all act in ways that we sometimes don't quite understand, and the way that we are caught in the machine as well. Part of the Gang of Four manifesto was an attempt to try and connect with popular ideas, with mass cultural ideas, not to alienate people. We wanted to avoid the *avant-garde* ghetto – we wanted to connect on a popular level."

As King sings in Natural's *Not in It*, there is "No escape from society". Whilst for some their choice of label is at odds with their socio-political agenda, accusations of selling out don't seem to have affected the band. What is remarkable when listening to *Entertainment!* is the vitality and freshness of the record. While Gill may not believe in a collective scene, what Gang of Four have in common with bands like The Velvet Underground, The Pixies and Pavement is a refusal to layer their sound with effects, and this imbues the record with a timeless authenticity. Gill agrees: "I think the music is authentic. When Gang of Four was at its best, it was never an instantly consumable product. It was always slightly awkward but it had the ring of authenticity about it."

It's a sound and an attitude that influenced the underground scene in '80s America, particularly The Minutemen, Big Black and Fugazi, as much as the recent set of NME bands. When Gill reflects on their legacy and the influence of post-punk, he suggests, "It seems to be a period that people are finding endlessly inspiring, particularly the current crop of bands. Nearly everybody references that era, and Gang of Four, but also bands like XTC and Joy Division."

When asked whether Gang of Four's retrospective commercial success and lingering influence catalysed the recent reformation, Gill explains that in some ways it was provoked by circumstance.

"It seemed to make sense. I mentioned it to my manager, and as soon as I did that he was booking flights, booking rehearsals. Sometimes you need someone outside the band to push things along. Initially, you think, 'Are we going to be good?' because there would be nothing worse than being half-arsed about it – lacking the energy, that sort of thing. But after the first day or two in rehearsal, I felt very good about it. I knew that we could do a good job."

In a sense the band are just doing what comes naturally – progressing with Gang of Four for as long as they remain artistically comfortable. Whilst accusations will remain that they are merely re-treading previous glories, Gill notes, "I've been kicking around some guitar ideas in the last few weeks, and the intention is to do some more stuff." So the spectre of a new album remains, and with it the opportunity to answer their critics. When questioned about what the band offer a new generation, Gill answers with a refreshing honesty: "I think in many respects it's the same as it ever was. I certainly think we would go about it in a similar sort of way. I think what we have to offer people listening today is perhaps what we had to offer 20 years ago." Well, if it ain't broke... ■



"A MASTERPIECE"

"BRILLIANT...  
A MUST SEE"

PETER BRADSHAW, THE GUARDIAN

"SUBLIME...  
THE GREATEST FILM ABOUT  
FOOTBALL EVER MADE"

JASON SOLOMONS, THE OBSERVER

EDITED BY DOUGLAS BURDON AND PHILIPPE PARRENO

# ZIDANE

PG

A 21st CENTURY PORTRAIT

SINGAPOREAN MUSIC SCORE BY MOCHAI



OFFICIAL SELECTION  
CANNES FILM FESTIVAL 2006



An Artificial Eye Release [www.artificial-eye.com](http://www.artificial-eye.com)

WWW.ZIDANE-THEMOVIE.COM

IN CINEMAS 29 SEPTEMBER



# Dream of the Perfect Life

Photography by  
Fanny Dupont  
Styling by  
Bree Croon

make-up: LUCY BURR / JUNG AMARNI COSMETICS  
model: ABEI @ TAKE 2  
calligraphy: JOY DANIELS



image of m. dress: highdress / CARRIES VINTAGE CLOSET  
jewelry: STYLISTS OWN





1930s slip dress / THE WAY WE WORE  
size 36 / PORTOBELLO MARKET  
tights TOPSHOP  
bakelite bangles: LONDON VINTAGE TEXTILE AND CLOTHING  
fur vintage 1970s shoes STYLISTS OWN



vintage '80s french knickers / STILL  
parisien lace collar / STYLISTS OWN











WINDAGE 1940s french knickers STILL  
PARISIAN lace collar / STYLISTS OWN  
VIENNA WESTWOOD vintage boots STYLISTS OWN







# It's a Wrap

winter is coming.  
hit the shops

ILLUSTRATION  
BY  
EMILY  
TWOMEY



LEFT TO RIGHT  
Wallet / CARHAART  
Gloves / MELTIN' POT  
Bag / KICKERS  
Hoodie SUPREME BEING  
Boots KICKERS  
Jacket EVISU  
Jacket / FENCHURCH  
Hat MELTIN' POT  
Scarf FENCHURCH







Capital punishment: you do something wrong, you get killed. Harsh maybe, but at least you know where you stand. Except, do you? From beheadings in modern-day Saudi Arabia to Alabama State Prison's legendary 'Yellow Momma' electric chair, *LWLies* presents all the information you'll wish you didn't know. ▼

WORDS BY DAVID MATTIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD MAY

# EXECUTION- ISM.



## BEHEADING

State-sanctioned killing, old-school. But only if you were a VIP; ordinary medieval prisoners could expect to be broken on the wheel, or burnt at the stake. Still, it took three blows with a sword to decapitate the traitorous Mary Queen of Scots in 1587, so it's not like there wasn't a down side for the upper crust.

The grim reality? It's a question of hacking through the tough muscles and vertebrae at the back of the neck, and then severing the spinal cord. According to Dr Harold Hillman, a British neurophysiologist and expert in execution, this would cause "seconds of acute and possibly severe pain" before death due to the collapse in blood flow to the brain.

That's why, in 1789, Dr Joseph-Ignace Guillotin invented a machine guaranteed to remove the head in a single stroke, something of a pressing issue for the leaders of the French Revolution. All very well, until scientists began to theorise that a head removed so quickly may retain consciousness after guillotining, leaving victims in a nightmarish, disembodied and silent hell (as severing of the windpipes would prevent speech).

Experiments on heads began in earnest. French anatomist Dr Franzose Séguret reported that the eyes of one victim's head followed his voice around the room for 15 minutes. In 1905, a Dr Beaurieux picked up the fresh head of a guillotined man named Languille, and called his name: "I saw the eyelids slowly lift up," he reported. "Here were undeniably living eyes, looking at me." Modern science estimates that oxygen in the brain could support consciousness for up to seven seconds after clean decapitation. These days, beheading is limited to Yemen, Iran, Qatar and Saudi Arabia, where victims are blindfolded and tranquilised before kneeling in a public square to face a metre-long scimitar.

## ELECTROCUTION

In the basement of Auburn prison, New York, on August 6, 1890, 17 seconds of high-voltage current was applied to the body of murderer William Kemmler, and he was pronounced dead. But half a minute later Kemmler began to jerk violently; the warden ordered another 70 seconds of current to be applied, after which smoke was seen rising from the prisoner's corpse.

Kemmler was the first man to face the US-invented electric chair, but today things aren't much prettier for inmates sat in the 'Yellow Momma' at Alabama State Prison, or similar chairs in the seven other US states where electrocution is used. One copper electrode is placed on a shaven patch on the leg, and another is attached to a helmet placed over the shaved head, to deliver a succession of two or three shocks of between 1700 and 2400 volts.

Professor Deborah Denno is one of the world's leading experts on execution methods. "First, the heart stops," she explains, "then the inmate is essentially cooked. You see ashes falling, and blood from the eyes and nose. Unless the inmate is rendered unconscious immediately, it is an intensely painful experience." Over the two minutes during which current is applied, skin turns bright red and the smell of burning flesh fills the execution chamber. Victims wear adult-sized nappies because of involuntary urination and defecation.

Old and poorly maintained equipment means electrocutions are often problematic. In 1990 witnesses saw the head of Jesse Joseph Tafero burst into flames. Power was stopped, and Tafero gasped for air repeatedly; it took two more shocks to kill him. "It's basically a big experiment every time they strap someone in," says Denno.

## LETHAL INJECTION

At its inception in '70s USA, lethal injection was heralded as the clean, clinical and enlightened way to end human life. Over 30 years later, North America is locked in controversy over its continued use.

Injection, US-style, sees prisoners bound to a fixed table with leather straps before a 14-gauge catheter (that means a fucking massive needle) is inserted into a vein in each arm. First, sodium thiopental, a quick-acting barbiturate, will bring unconsciousness. Pavulon is next, a muscle relaxant that paralyses the diaphragm. Finally, the toxin potassium chloride will cause cardiac arrest, ensuring brain death after around eight minutes.

Only, it's often a lot messier than it sounds. At the execution of Billy Wayne White in Texas in 1992, the victim lay on the gurney for 42 minutes while medical technicians probed his limbs with needles to find a usable vein. Professor Denno's testimony in the first legal challenge against lethal injection in 1997 included this pearl: "Often, they'll cut away flesh around the groin to find a vein. Then the inmate starts bleeding everywhere."

At the infamous 1994 execution of serial killer John Wayne Gacy in Illinois, he took 18 minutes to die. "Sometimes drugs are injected into muscles instead of veins, which is excruciating," says Professor Denno. "Sometimes they put the needle in an artery instead of a vein, so that drugs go to the feet instead of the heart. Now, we think that in some cases the first drug is wearing off by the time the second drug is administered, so that prisoners feel themselves suffocating to death. But they're paralysed by the Pavulon, so they can't scream."



## HANGING

Another ancient method, by the nineteenth century hanging was the execution-of-choice in British law. The last British judicial hanging took place on July 13, 1955, when Ruth Ellis was executed at Holloway prison, convicted of the murder of her lover, David Blakely. A post-mortem examination revealed "dislocation of the spine at C2, and a transverse separation of the spinal cord"; a sure sign that Ellis was killed via the 'long drop' method, in which body weight is used to calculate a drop sufficient to break the neck (the Home Office issued a standard table of weights and measures) causing instant unconsciousness and painless death by comatose asphyxia within six minutes.

Today, though, hanging has entered a new dark age; the more primitive 'short drop' technique is favoured by the handful of retentionist countries that still use this method. Here, the neck is not broken; struggling victims instead die an excruciating death by strangulation, lasting up to five minutes. Blood vessels in the eyes will burst, bowel control is lost and male victims may experience erection and ejaculation. An 1865 photograph of the hanged Lincoln conspirators shows one who remained erect even after death.

But there couldn't be anyone around to tell us what it feels like, right? Wrong. In 2001 an Iranian man, Ramin Tshaharleng, found himself pardoned by his victim's family four minutes after his hanging had begun, an act permissible under Sharia law. He was cut down and taken to hospital. His testimony: "The first second lasted a thousand years. I felt my arms and legs jerking out of control. I wanted to fill my lungs with air, but they were crumpled up like plastic bags." Nice.

## GUN SHOT

Nine countries currently administer death by gunfire, none more frequently than the global overlords of the death sentence, China. According to Amnesty International, the massive red state executes more people than all of the rest of the world put together – among the 68 capital offences are murder, re-selling VAT receipts, and killing a panda – and a gun shot to the head is the usual method.

Immediately after 'public sentencing rallies', prisoners are transported to the site of execution in open lorries. Hands are shackled behind the back before the condemned kneel down and receive a single bullet in the back of the head, causing immediate brain death. Families of those executed must pay for the bullet. Corneas, livers and kidneys are often taken immediately after death, for use in local hospitals or sale abroad.

Historically, though, death by gun shot would more commonly come via a firing squad; 346 British servicemen were shot for desertion or cowardice during WWI, all of whom were recently pardoned. The possibility for botched aim, producing horrific wounds but not death, means that this method is widely considered among the least humane. Still, that didn't stop the State of Utah executing child murderer John Taylor via firing squad in 1996. Dressed in a dark blue boiler suit and with a white target stuck over his heart by Velcro, Taylor was strapped into a specially designed chair with a pan beneath to catch bodily fluids, before facing a five-man team of volunteer riflemen. Just before he was hooded, "his eyes were darting back and forth" said witness Paul Murphey, who covered the execution for KTVX-TV Salt Lake ■





SupremoBenny™



*A LWLies review will not be inhibited by any perceived rules. Just as movies are about more than the two hours you spend sitting in the cinema, our reviews are a chance to talk about much more than the immediate experience of the film in question. There are many different aspects of the movie-going experience and we will embrace them all.*

### Anticipation

Ever waited six months for a box-office behemoth? Read a book that you loved and nervously watched the adaptation? Been pleasantly surprised by an off-the-radar independent? Anticipation plays a crucial role in your reaction to a movie. Rather than ignore it, we think it should be measured and acknowledged as part of the movie-going experience.

Marked out of 5:

### Enjoyment

All other things aside, how did you feel for those two hours? Were you glued to your seat? Did the film speak to your soul? Was it upsetting, disappointing, or just plain boring? Were you even awake?

Marked out of 5:

### My Best Friend

Great movies live with you; you carry them around wherever you go and the things they say shape the way you see the world. Did this movie fade away or was every moment burned into your retinas? Was it a quick fix action flick, good for a rainy Sunday afternoon? Or the first day of the rest of your life? Did you hate it with a fury only to fall in love with a passion? Or did that first love drain away like a doomed romance?

Marked out of 5:

Chapter four  
in which we  
discuss the  
latest film  
releases





## BREAKING AND ENTERING

RELEASED  
10 November

WINDSTONE  
JULIETTE BINOCHE  
LOW JOLIE  
FREEMAN

### BFI supremo

Minghella returns with a 'grown up' relationship drama examining the debris of romantic confusion as disparate lives collide. Will (Jude Law) is an idealistic architect who, with business partner Sandy (Martin Freeman), hopes to bring a "green effect" to the gaps between London's urban sprawl. Increasingly estranged from his depressive Swedish girlfriend Liv (Robin Wright-Penn), and exhausted by the demands of being a surrogate father to her autistic teenage daughter, Will turns sleuth after his converted warehouse office in Kings Cross is repeatedly burgled.

London's skyline may offer a breathtaking backdrop – superbly captured by Benoît Delhomme as Will vainly chases

a free-running cat burglar kid across rooftops and along the Thames – but this film relies heavily on chance meetings and coincidence to push a stumbling narrative forward.

Minghella is strong on character development, but after some lengthy exposition – with only the comic stylings of *Office* bloke Freeman for light relief – the events of the last hour feel at odds with an angst-ridden first act. The film's *Closer*-esque aspirations are quickly hamstrung by clumsy subplots featuring an Eastern European tart-with-a-heart, and a clutch of cartoon-like Serb gangsters that soon make way for a cringeworthy juxtaposition of London's haves and have-nots as Will gets entangled with the refugee mother

of the "thieving little monkey" (a sparkling Juliette Binoche).

While world-weary cop Ray Winstone delivers the film's best line: "You've got the British Library next to Crack Village with a bunch of Somalis walking round wielding machetes... This area is in a state of flux", it's Jude, never obscure, who remains Minghella's muse. Trading on the dubious gift of an actor who, with the merest droop of a shoulder, will have any female audience shouting "Bastard!" in defiant unison, Minghella shows too much faith in a decidedly lightweight leading man who utters such ironic gems as: "I don't know how to be honest. Maybe that's why I like metaphors."

Who is this film for anyway? Maybe if you're into Law's

smouldering eyes you can see past the fact that the whole thing feels like a TV drama with high production values, while the 'down with the kids' free-running urchins hint at Minghella's past as a script editor for *Grange Hill*. Make like Zammo and just say, 'No' Dan Brightmore

**Anticipation.** Can Minghella do contemporary? Two

**Enjoyment.** A soapy middle class morality tale best enjoyed through a fistful of Prozac Two

**In Retrospect.** An embarrassingly out of touch director serves up a real lemon. One





## An interview with Chloe Sirene, star of *Gypo*.

**LWLiEs:** How did you come to be involved in *Gypo*?

**Sirene:** I was in a Kinko's in LA and [writer director] Jan Dunn sat down at the computer next to me. We started chatting when I heard her English accent, and just kind of became friends. We were emailing back and forth when she came back to England, and then as *Gypo* came into being I got the part.

**LWLiEs:** The Dogme 95 manifesto strictly outlines that only a hand-held camera may be used, and artificial lighting and post-production sound editing are banned. What was it about this method that attracted you?

**Sirene:** I didn't know much about it, and discovered more through the process. I love it – it's a really interesting way of working. It felt similar to *United 93* because it allows for improvisation. And although we were given prose and Jan knew what she wanted from every scene, it's a lot more gritty than other methods.

**LWLiEs:** Both *Gypo* and *United 93* deal with controversial social issues. Is that something you specifically look for in a film?

**Sirene:** I want to do projects that have courage and motivation beyond being just an average Joe piece. To me it's about finding a creative venture that you can really interact with and go somewhere with.

**LWLiEs:** How did you prepare for your part in *Gypo*?

**Sirene:** I felt like a private eye investigator. I found a Romany family who welcomed me into their home. It helped me with the accent and to get a feeling of what it was like for them coming to England. It was really fortuitous.

**LWLiEs:** Has that process affected your own view of refugees in Britain?

**Sirene:** When you play a role, you discover another view of the world. When I hear people flippantly use derogatory terms like 'Gypo', I'm so much more aware of it. In the press there is always stuff about refugees overturning a whole order. Seeing it from their perspective has been quite fulfilling.

**LWLiEs:** How did the experience of *United 93* affect you personally?

**Sirene:** I walked around with a lot of grief, knowing this girl had really gone through this and had this conversation on the phone with her mother. Just to know you're stepping into someone's shoes, and what they went through moments before they died is really powerful. The whole process involved crying hysterically for three or four long takes a day, rather than short bursts. It was very overwhelming. [Director] Paul [Greengrass] is an absolutely humbling, amazingly inspirational man.

**LWLiEs:** How do you feel about being hailed as Britain's next big thing?

**Sirene:** If that's true, then great. I love what I do, and the more I do it, the more I fall in love with it. Andrea Kurland

**GYPO**

DIRECTED BY

STARRING  
Chloe Sirene  
Paul McGann  
Thomas Vinterberg  
Lars von Trier

RELEASED  
20 October

### After a summer

which made you believe a man could fly, and pirates wore eye-liner, you have to admire a movie which doesn't even feature props that weren't found on location.

Welcome to the wonderful world of Dogme: hand-held cameras, no lighting and no music except the on-set ambience of the director farting. The movement originated in Denmark, where a collective including Thomas Vinterberg and Lars Von Trier took a vow of chastity against the decadence of the Hollywood storm. Well look out Europe; the Brits are coming.

*Gypo* is the first British Dogme movie; the story of a dysfunctional Margate family who disintegrate when the daughter befriends a Romany immigrant. It's told from three viewpoints – the mother (used and ignored), father (frustrated and trapped) and immigrant (looking for a new life) – and takes a serious look at the ever-controversial subjects of immigration, prostitution, sexuality and personal freedom.

These issues are all worthwhile, and important points

are made, but it feels forced, and at times the acting is scarcely out of the drama school door. Pauline McLynn occasionally sparks as the downtrodden woman whose own life has been sacrificed to her family, but inevitably she struggles to escape the noose of *Father Ted*, and (perhaps through no fault of her own) it can be hard to take her seriously. Paul McGann plays a convincing bastard, but it's difficult to believe he would have fallen for McLynn, and even more difficult to believe that she could end the film finding the love she does.

*Gypo* means well, but instead of realism the overriding vibe is amateurism. And the sight of Mrs Doyle tonguing a teenager is just plain weird. Ick. Tom Atkinson

Anticipation. The first British Dogme. Three

Enjoyment. Miserable mothers in Margate. Two

In Retrospect. There are good intentions here, and a palpable sincerity. Hell, there's even a chase scene. Three





Portrait by Sam Christmas







## I SAW BEN BARKA GET KILLED

### Your enjoyment of

*I Saw Ben Barka Get Killed* may be entirely dependent on your familiarity with French colonial politics of the 1960s. If mentions of Barka, the Tricontinental Conference and Mohamed Oufkir mean nothing to you then, frankly, you're in trouble.

Set in 1965, the film follows the true story of former hood Georges Figon (Charles Berling) who, in an effort to go straight, accepts a commission to produce a film about colonialism with movie director Georges Frangu and novelist Marguerite Duras. The shady investor behind the enterprise insists that Moroccan politician Barka should be the

film's historical consultant. When Barka disappears on a trip to Paris, however, we discover that nothing is as it seems.

Figon narrates the story in posthumous voice-over, but this is the film's only concession to romantic fancy. Elsewhere it's a down-the-line political thriller, with little in the way of colour or humour.

There are solid performances from the cast, particularly Jean-Pierre Léaud as the lugubrious Frangu, and Josiane Balasko, haughty and Parisian in what amounts to a cameo role as Duras. But it's a stiff, formal affair in which no one is given a chance to let loose, not even Berling as the

jittery Figon. The design of the film is similarly stifled, and at times it feels like a TV reconstruction. It certainly doesn't have the seductive, revolutionary atmosphere of Bertolucci's *The Dreamers*.

Above all, the overtly political story is its own natural barrier. The film assumes a background knowledge few of its international audience will share, and while it's heartening to see French filmmakers addressing their country's colonial past (Michael Haneke's *Hidden* also springs to mind), it's difficult to see who else will appreciate this footnote to French political history. Dan Stewart

**Anticipation.** A '60s political thriller with shades of Melville. Intrigue and retro French cool should follow, non? Three

**Enjoyment.** The acting is good, and Paris looks as great as ever, but the plot is rooted in contemporary politics that seem foggy from afar. Two

**In Retrospect.** A 100 minute history lesson. You might see Ben Barka Get Killed, but you still won't know whodunit. Or why. Two

RELEASED  
20 October

DIRECTED BY Serge Le  
Gendre  
CASTING BY  
Gérard Sphar  
EDITED BY  
Jean-Pierre Rapp





**FROZEN  
LAND**

DIRECTED BY  
AKU LOUHIMIES  
STARRING  
Mikko Leppänen  
Jouko-Pekka  
Laukkanen  
Jouko-Pekka  
Laukkanen

RELEASED  
13 October

## Trapped in their

lives on the frozen streets of Helsinki, a disparate band of characters struggle to make it through another day in the *Frozen Land*. A teacher is sacked and kicks his lazy son out of their flat. The son forges a 500-euro note to help him get by, a note which finds its way into the hands of a car thief. And so the film's first half continues; a captivating picture of contemporary Finland – the bleakness beautifully photographed and punctuated by the sort of black humour and shocking violence that is born of seedy desperation.

The succession of ill-fated losers continues until the cycle of misfortune brings us back to a man

told of his wife's death, a moment of sadness exceptional even in this Finnish gloom. It seems for a moment that director Aku Louhimies has chosen to conclude his movie on this downbeat note, but instead he trundles on, now lading depression on domestic violence on suicide on murder in an emotional kicking that is all the more harrowing for the knowledge that he has left the neat cycle behind. As we followed this journey of misfortune across several characters' lives, the dramatic unity of the structure helped to sustain *Frozen Land*'s icy integrity, but with this framework gone, the humour and beauty drain from the film and what's left is a series of

characters that have lost so much and changed so much that it's hard to care about them anymore.

There's no doubt that Louhimies demonstrates real skill in presenting this desperate realism, and he makes great use of snot, alcohol abuse and dispassionate sex to give the film its cold, gritty edge. Helsinki becomes a place where life seems to go on elsewhere, and America emerges as a promised land of beer, music and fast cars, an image fabricated by advertisers and theme bars that are all the more depressing for aping this empty Yankee ideal.

No matter how accomplished and complete *Frozen Land* is,

however, it does become very difficult to watch. The boredom, hopelessness and futility are all deliberate, but that's not much consolation when you find yourself trapped in your seat begging for the end to come. Steve Watson

**Anticipation.** Bleak drama and black humour in Helsinki. Two

**Enjoyment.** Starts strongly but just too desperate by the end. Two

**In Retrospect.** Highly accomplished and mercilessly bleak cinema. Three



## REQUIEM

17 November

DIRECTED BY  
Hans-Christian Schmid  
STARRING  
Sandra Hüller  
Hilmar Böhm  
Katharina Schüttler, Robert

**If the sole purpose** of horror is to deliver outrageous scares, then that's what *Requiem* is. But it's not. This is horror played out as social realism; a quietly disturbing character study based on the perplexing case of a young woman brought up in a German town during the '70s who was thought to have been possessed by demons.

Throughout, *Requiem* cunningly taunts us with themes from *The Exorcist*, *Carrie* and more recent schlock fare such as *The Exorcism Of Emily Rose* and *An American Haunting*, but it never succumbs to bloody histrionics. Instead it opts for a more subdued approach, delivering its chills via authentic human discord. It takes

horror convention as its nucleus, then proceeds to strip away the fantastical, the nonsensical and the plain ludicrous to leave a raw nerve-ending of a movie.

With constant allusions towards the biblical martyrdom of St. Catherine, *Requiem* also addresses the frightening idea of a desperate loyalty to religion over any form of rational or scientific thought. The overriding sadness at the root of the film is in the way it shows a girl who has everything – good friends, understanding parents, a loving boyfriend, a bright academic future – and is still unable to overcome the inevitable tragedy so cruelly implied by the title. The final denouement eventually appears

briefly before the end credits as a subtitle. It packs one hell of an emotional punch.

Sandra Hüller delivers an agonising, all-or-nothing performance as Michaela, at once unbridled in its total ferocity and yet entirely human in its depiction of fear and uncertainty. The gargoyle-like physicality of the role sees her bones jutting and writhing beneath skin which itself has the ready-to-burst appearance of barbed wire wrapped in cling film.

In the end, *Requiem* leaves us kneeling at the altar of its own salacious content, gazing into the eyes of Christ for answers but, like Michaela, receiving none. And yet, greater questions about the significance

of genre and the corrupting power of religion are also posed. Everything that is disturbing about *Requiem* is cleanly latched to a credible reality where creaking doors, trilling violas and suppurating latex wounds are rendered all but redundant. It's not a horror film. It's cinematic bliss. David Jenkins

**Anticipation.** Low-key German film looks like horror, maybe? Two

**Enjoyment.** What in the name of Graham 'Suggs' McPherson was that? Five

**In Retrospect.** Oh, it was a masterpiece. Five



# An interview with Hans-Christian Schmid, director of *Requiem*.

**LW Lies:** How did you come across the original story?

**Scmid:** I've dealt with religious subjects two times before in my films, and then I read about the case of Anneliese Michel about six or seven years ago. It interested me that it was based on a family. We wrote two or three draft scripts and then we finally scrapped it as we couldn't seem to get it right. Then I met Bernd Lange [the author] who was working on the same story, so we met up and things really came together.

**LW Lies:** The original idea lends itself to a horror genre movie.

**Scmid:** No, not at all. I think it's a drama. We did not know about *The Exorcism Of Emily Rose* until we were at the process of editing, but from the beginning we knew we didn't want to follow in the footsteps of *The Exorcist* as this is something we can't really improve on. We tried to focus on our main interests: family conservation and human behaviour.

**LW Lies:** Was it always the intention to shoot it in the handheld style?

**Scmid:** Well yes, that comes from working with a young Polish DoP [Bożumil Godfrejów] who I met when we made my

last film, *Distant Lights*, and I've always tried to find a DoP who gives me more freedom with the actors, which is my main interest. When it comes to shooting the film, the question for me is, 'How can I get my actors to the point where they show us some moments of truth?' I don't know whether it's Dogme style or not, but it's influenced more by the documentaries of the direct cinema.

**LW Lies:** One of the things that supplies the film with its intensity is Sandra Hüller's performance. How did you prepare her for the role?

**Scmid:** We didn't have any time to prepare her as she was in a theatre production in Basel the day before we started shooting. Usually I prepare intensively with my actors, but this time I couldn't. When she arrived she said, 'I'll read a book on Anneliese but nothing else because I want to use my own imagination, I want to be able to create that character.' From the time we started shooting, she tried to inhabit the character entirely. She never took part in our social life and would come back the next day ready to go. Apart from that, she's just a supremely gifted actor. She makes the final scenes so difficult to watch, maybe you could call it a horror film? David Jenkins



RELEASED  
13 October

DIRECTED BY  
BETTY CHOI  
CASTING BY  
Chen McPherson  
CHARITABLE CHOI

**"I'm not too old for this shit."** Jackie Chan repeats this mantra every day (probably), and *New Police Story* is proof that positive thinking works. JC brings the quickness one more time, proving that he's lost none of the balletic martial arts prowess that made him famous. Well, not quite, but he's close enough that the film gets by on the sheer inventiveness of the action set pieces.

*New Police Story* is the fourth film to follow the '85 original, a film that set the bar for Hong Kong action. The story is a loose re-working of *Point Break*, with Jackie Chan as the now-disgraced Inspector Wing, driven to despair and drunkenness by a case in which his whole team was murdered by a clan of adrenalin-junkie criminals. The road to redemption is paved by Fung (Nicholas Tse), an idealist masquerading as a police officer, to help Jackie bury the bad guys.

The plot and acting are amiable enough, crucially never distracting

from the film's real focus – the stunts. These are impressive, and benefit from being shot on location in Hong Kong, where the actors are free from the restraints of producers, insurers and the ethics of personal safety. There are homages to the first film (bus top scenes, rope slides), but the stunt team have upped the ante again, at least within the creative fields of leaping and jabbing. One fight, set in a LEGO exhibition, crams in so many amazing moves at a frenetic pace that only a DVD slo-mo will allow a full appreciation – and this scene is the rule, rather than the exception. Good work, Jackie. Jonathan Williams

**Anticipation.** He's too old for this shit. Two

**Enjoyment.** He's not too old for this shit. Three

**In Retrospect.** Will he ever be too old for this shit? Four





INSPIRED BY ROMAN POLANSKI  
STARRING Ahmad Raza  
DIRECTED BY Ramin Bahrani

6 October

## When French

philosopher Albert Camus wrote of the ultimate futility of life, he used the Greek myth of Sisyphus to really make his point. Cursed by the gods, Sisyphus was condemned to push a rock up a mountain for all eternity, only to have it roll back down and begin again. Echoing Camus, the debut feature from Iranian-American director Ramin Bahrani, *Man Push Cart*, delves delicately into the story of Ahmad, a middle-eastern man living out his Sisyphian fate in a post-9/11 New York. Every night, Ahmad drags his stainless steel cart through the friendless streets

so that every morning he can serve coffee and bagels to a city that passes him by.

If that sounds like a film about to crash headfirst into some culture clash pigeonhole, think again. Thankfully, some stunning cinematography and a tentative feel for place and character saves it from that fatalistic end. This is a story of life on the periphery that forces you to take notice.

A former pop star in his native Pakistan, Ahmad's plight is one of soul-searching displacement. As a past littered with tragic loss and family breakdown is slowly revealed, the monotonous rhythm

of his daily routine will gently coax you from sympathy, to sorrow, to a general contemplation of the absurdity of life. And while any less of a writer would have pillaged it for all its tragic value, the events of 9/11 hover but never detract from this universal tale of the struggle to simply be. Here, authenticity is emotion enough.

While a retrospective scene of Ahmad's formerly happy nuclear family is perhaps a bit too spoon-fed, Bahrani has captured a winning realism. Raw, provocative and loaded with human intrigue, *Man Push Cart* is one of those inexplicably cathartic cinematic

experiences – no matter how depressing it gets, you leave feeling strangely uplifted. **Andrea Kurland**

**Anticipation.** A Pakistani street vendor in post 9/11 New York. Not one for the Red states. **Two**

**Enjoyment.** Feeling this depressed actually feels pretty good. **Four**

**In Retrospect.** Subtle yet captivating, a beautiful snapshot of what indie cinema should be all about. **Four**



**K**

ULTE



ETIC

**K**

NEW KULTE BOUTIQUE 76, RUE VIEILLE DU TEMPLE PARIS III  
[WWW.KULTE.FR](http://WWW.KULTE.FR)





## THE PAGE TURNER

DIRECTED BY  
Denis Dercourt  
STARRING Deborah  
François, Mathieu F. G.  
Lévesque, Grégoire

RELEASED  
3 November

### Ten year-old pianist

Mélanie is playing in the Conservatory entrance exam for which she's been practising for months. All is going well, her fingerwork smooth, the piece pitch-perfect. Looking up, she notices one of her examiners, Ariane Fouchécourt, a famous concert pianist, signing an autograph, completely ignoring her playing. Her fingers falter, the notes start coming out all wrong. Finished, she gets up, tears streaked down each cheek, walks silently out of the room to where another girl is practising. Maliciously, she flicks down the lid of the girl's piano and it falls, only just missing her fingers.

It's a moment that nicely sets up the rest of French director Denis Dercourt's sly tale of

revenge. Eight years later, Mélanie lands an internship at the law firm run by Ariane's husband, and from that a job as a live-in nanny for the couple's son. She soon earns a place in the emotionally fragile Ariane's affections and when Ariane discovers her love for music, becomes her trusted page turner.

It seems Mélanie wants payback for Ariane's misdoing, but how much of that childhood maliciousness is she still carrying around? Enough to harm? To kill? Or just to teach Ariane a lesson? The film keeps us constantly guessing. Maybe we're wrong; maybe it's lust that drives her.

As Mélanie, Déborah François' icy inscrutability has you hanging on her every minuscule gesture, while Dercourt's stripped-down

direction draws your attention to the tiniest of details – tears down a face, specks of dust floating in a room or inside a car. It's a film about the huge impact of fleeting moments and it does a deft job of imbuing significance to details that normally go unnoticed.

But, artiness and high-brow classical music milieu aside, it never quite escapes its roots in psycho nanny thrillers like *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle*, which make for perversely fun entertainment. As Mélanie cooks dinner, Ariane innocently asks her what her parents did, she replies with a whack of her cleaver on the perfectly skinned rabbit on the counter – 'Butchers!'

But elsewhere the film fails to transcend the ridiculousness of its material. How does she get the

nanny job so easily? How does she so effectively worm her way into Ariane's trust? Indeed, how do all her actions seem to have the exact effect she desires, right down to the clockwork-like unfolding of the finale. Melodramatic thriller it may be then; nevertheless, it's one constructed with considerable class. Nick Funnell

Anticipation. Looks arty. Looks nasty. Looks like Haneke. Four

Enjoyment. Intelligent, arresting... hang on, isn't it all a bit ridiculous? Three

In Retrospect. Sophisticated AND silly Super. Four



## An interview with Deborah François, star of *The Page Turner*.

**LWLies:** Is it true that you got your first role – in *L'Enfant*, directed by the Dardenne brothers – after your brother saw an ad in the paper?

**François:** Yes, yes, he did. They ran an ad looking for a young woman aged between 17 and 19 – that was it. You had to send your CV with a photo. They chose between 150 and 200 girls for audition – they eliminated people and then they rang to tell me I'd got it.

**LWLies:** Had you always wanted to be an actor?

**François:** I didn't want to be an actress because thousands of actresses are out of work. It was a dream, really, a fantasy – something that would only happen in another life. But for two years I had done theatre and diction courses for two hours a week.

**LWLies:** What's it like working with the Dardennes?

**François:** They're very rigorous, very harsh. They say that actors shouldn't construct something around themselves but deconstruct; they try to break down the little cocoon around you. I had absolutely no idea of what to expect [of the finished film] because with them you cannot see a single image while filming – it's forbidden. When I saw the result it was a lot harder than I thought it would be.

**LWLies:** Did offers of more work come flooding in after *L'Enfant*?

**François:** Yes. *The Page Turner* was the first. The script arrived and I fell in love with the characters, the script, nearly with the director. I was in an amazing position for a 19 year old, which lots of actors don't have, where I was free to turn things down.

**LWLies:** Mélanie in *The Page Turner* is very cold compared to your character in *L'Enfant*. Did you deliberately go for something very different?

**François:** It was great to turn around 180 degrees. I have to admit I love to play naughty girls. There's something very straight about Mélanie – I was transformed physically when I played her. I had to be careful not to invent a fiction for her that was completely surrealist and that no one would believe for a second, or to fall into being too normal, where one doesn't realise that there's something a bit mad about her. One has to sense that she's hiding something.

**LWLies:** Your smirk at the end seems full of meaning.

**François:** There was another scene that came after this ending, but the director preferred to cut this way. The music is magnificent, and we were very lucky with the extraordinary light. It finishes on a surrealist note: she's alone on a country road, we don't know where, we know more or less where she's come from but not where she's going, or what she's going to do. You sense that something new is starting for her – she's been liberated, passed her frustration. Jonas Milk.



RELEASED  
13 October

DIRECTED BY  
ALAN BENNETT  
STARRING  
RICHARD GRIFFITHS  
STEPHEN CAMPBELL MOORE  
ALAN BENNETT  
DEBORAH FRANÇOIS  
JONAS MILK

## Somewhere deep in

the Thatcherite '80s, a group of unusually bright state school boys are working hard to earn a passport out of the grim North: a place to study at Oxbridge. The boys are coached by two very different men – their camp, corpulent English master, Hector, translated beautifully from stage to screen by Richard Griffiths, and Stephen Campbell Moore's Tom Irwin; an analytical and intensely pragmatic young tutor who knows that to a bored examiner, "the wrong end of the stick is the right one".

Irwin teaches the boys to value originality, flair and intellectual showboating over the facts, fact, facts that have been drilled into them. He annoys Hector in the process, who would prefer that the boys dreamily appreciate literature without worrying too much about analysing quite how it works. Both represent a deft slight to the Laura Spences (remember her?) of this world, who miss the point that Irwin hammers home: that intelligence is an Oxbridge given – it is the ability to surprise the interviewer that counts.

Based on his hit play of the same name, in *The History Boys* Alan Bennett transforms some of his own formative experiences into an elegant and incendiary exploration of what exactly education means. But this is no didactic diatribe; neither side of

the debate is given complete credence, and to make matters more fun, Bennett has given Hector an unfortunate penchant for touching up the boys as he gives them lifts on his motor cycle, though it is made clear by his avoidance of the group's 14 year-old prodigy that he is less a paedophile than a harmless and lonely homosexual.

The main reason the film soars as high as it does is its lightness of touch. The charm of the boys themselves, who represent any teacher's fantasy of engaged and engaging pupils, is a palpable force, and should lead to futures as bright as those of the characters they play for the young ensemble of actors. Top marks. Carole Chater

**Anticipation.** Should be good: it's got the same cast as the play, which was one of the most greedily award plastered productions in recent memory. Four

**Enjoyment.** Amusing, endearing characters tickle your cerebral cortex as much as your funny bone. Four

**In Retrospect.** This could be one of the best films about education ever made. Five





3 November

**Scenes of a Sexual Nature**  
 Directed by Ed Blum  
 Starring: Ed Blum, Sarah  
 Polley, John C. Reilly, John  
 Turturro, David Strathairn

## Ever wandered

around in the park and watched couples holding hands, couples rowing, or couples deep in conversation – and wondered exactly what their deal was?

Well, Ed Blum does just that one sunny afternoon on Hampstead Heath, spiriting the audience around seven very different relationships. Ranging from a gay couple contemplating adoption, to a young couple breaking up, to a horny random on the pull, *Scenes Of A Sexual Nature* is an attempt to bring into focus snippets of relationships past, present and future.

On the surface it's a simple and intriguing idea: exploring how sex and love aren't always as they seem from afar. Unfortunately,

whoever wandered around the Heath one afternoon saying, 'Wouldn't it be cool to make a film about some of these random couples?' should have taken more time to develop the idea once it was born.

The film is crying out for some improvisation – for somebody to breathe life into the jilted, staccato conversations that are dry, empty and wholly unbelievable. But any spontaneity, any sense of that haphazard way in which couples' arguments deviate from their original track, is corralled and restrained by a premeditated script.

Fortunately, the episodic structure of the film is compellingly bite-sized, and the introduction of key characters in one scene as

marginal passers-by in the next makes the sequence of events seem more true-to-life. But by the end it still feels like a simple, low-budget idea, and the promise of gently simmering success fades as the excellent cast is never allowed to reach boiling point. **Monisha Rajesh**

**Anticipation.** A simple idea close to home – can't really go wrong. **Three**

**Enjoyment.** Frustrating. Amateur script doctors required. **Two**

**In Retrospect.** Could have been a great film were it not for the tight arsed writing. **Two**



3 November

**The Devil Wears Prada**  
 Directed by David Frankel  
 Starring: Anne Hathaway, Meryl Streep, Stanley Tucci, Emily Blunt, Kristin Davis

## A plethora of women

ready themselves for their day – preening and plucking – all identical except one: a subway ride versus a cab, a woolly jumper versus a Chanel suit, a bacon bagel versus some mixed nuts and muesli. It's the ugly duckling complex all over again, for this is the dirtiest subgenre of them all: the underdog movie.

*The Devil Wears Prada* sees Andy Sachs (Anne Hathaway), an ambitious journalist, vying for the position of PA in the fish-out-of-water world of *Runway*, a fashion magazine loosely based on American *Vogue*. But this tired tale – struggle, change, adapt and succeed with morals intact – offers nothing you haven't seen a hundred times before.

Director David Frankel made

his name on *Sex In The City*, but he shows none of the bitch-on-bitch bite that characterised that series at its most enjoyably acidic. Despite the shaft of light that was her performance in *Brokeback Mountain*, Anne Hathaway reverts to that sad face / happy face rubbish that made *The Princess Diaries* so excruciating, while the usually dependable Stanley Tucci seems to have misplaced his zest.

As *Runway*'s acerbic editor, Meryl Streep is the film's saving grace: deliciously coarse and diva-like in the precious minutes that she's allowed to remind us how captivating an actress she can be. On hearing the news of her divorce, Miranda is stripped of her glamour, her skin as grey as the flannel dressing gown she wears, eyes dilated and broken.

With evil step sisters, a wicked godmother, faux Prince Charming, and Buttons, *The Devil Wears Prada* is Cinderella with a sour twist, but by the time it's finally over you couldn't care less. At one point we're told that the fashion industry exists to "sell people things they don't need", and in this regard Frankel's film couldn't be any closer to the business itself. **Thomas Bacon**

**Anticipation.** Looks like a classic piece of counter programming for the label generation. **Three**

**Enjoyment.** Continuity errors are the high point of the comedy. **Two**

**In Retrospect.** Better the devil you don't know. **Two**



3 November

**Mischief Night**  
 Directed by Peter Jackson  
 Starring: Kelli Hollis, Ramon Tikaram, Emily Blunt, John C. Reilly, John Turturro, David Strathairn

## Mischief Night is

one of those real Yorkshire things that's so northern you could serve it with a pint of ale. Celebrated on Halloween, it's basically an excuse for kids to run around and throw shit at people without getting into trouble. Sounds like the perfect setting for a spot of interracial romance.

Tina Crabtree (Kelli Hollis) lives on the white side of the park with her three delinquent children, Kimberley, Tyler and Macaulay – all quite hideous in their own loveable sort of way. On the Asian side lives the Khan family, Immie (Ramon Tikaram – the dude from *This Life*), teenager Sarina, about to be married off, much to her disgust, and wayward younger brother Asif.

A week before the big night, an old love interest is re-ignited between Tina and Immie. In fact, renewed interests are sparked all round: Sarina wants one last night of freedom; Asif strikes up a clandestine friendship with Kimberly as they hunt for her real father; Tyler wants to be a drugs baron; and Macaulay just wants to cover people in shit. Of course, everything comes to a head on the night in question.

Deceptively clunky to begin with, once you overcome the suspicion that this is just another cheeky Asian Brit-com, the film really starts to move. Subplots spring up all over, but *Mischief Night*'s narrative never strays from its real message – that your world can be turned upside down by

something as seemingly innocent and immature as a night of childhood revelry. The adults never seem to notice, but it's the kids that run this place, it's the kids that run their lives, it's the kids that have the power to change everything and get away with it. Man, kids are clever. Who'd have thought? **Gaby Staniszewska**

**Anticipation.** Another Asian comedy. **Two**

**Enjoyment.** A big barrel of Yorkshire laughs. **Champion. Three**

**In Retrospect.** The Asian milieu is becoming tired. Maybe kids throwing shit at people is the future? **Three**



## STARTER FOR TEN

DIRECTED BY  
THE STARTER  
SPONSORING  
James McAvoy  
SCREENPLAY BY  
JAMES MCGAVIN

13 October

### LWLies presents

your cut-out-and-keep guide to the sure fire clichés that will make your lightweight British rom-com a massive hit in foreign markets. Read carefully now, we'll make you rich

1. It's grim up North. This generalisation also works for Southend or any towns likely to be unknown outside of the UK. Also, set your story in the '80s – everyone knows that the Thatcher years were particularly hard on good, honest, salt-of-the-earth folk, just trying to scrape a living. A broken home is good too – better yet, have the Dad die so that his son can fulfil his dream at the end of the film

2. There are two types of people who attend university. The poor but decent who got there through hard work – normal people. The other group are the most prevalent in British society – the upper class. Posh, wealthy and carefree, they peer down on the working classes on the rare occasion that they intermingle. Be advised that whilst at university you need something to base your romantic agenda around. A quiz like *University Challenge* will work well. Have your two English stereotypes on the same team for hilarious consequences. Although you must establish that the posh student is less intelligent than their working class contemporary, they both share the one trait common amongst all English men (see 3)

3. Englishmen are socially awkward. Neolithic but loveable

buffoons (not the upper classes, they are bastards and will get theirs at the end of your film). No Englishman can talk comfortably with girls, but girls still fall for him because he has floppy hair. As it was, as it is and as it shall be. Hugh Grant has a lot to answer for, but he represents all Englishmen and is your template.

4. This is crucial. Never, ever deviate from the standard romantic set-up. In case you've missed it, see every Mills and Boon novel, see *Bridget Jones*, see *Pride And Prejudice*. Boy meets two girls. Boy has crush on pretty but ultimately morally suspect girl. Boy ignores reasonably pretty but hard-working and principled other girl until end of film where he realises she is The One who really cares for him and has stuck by him through

thick and thin. Earn extra points (on the back end) if the boy treats her badly along the way – have him call the hard-working girl by the other girl's name. Boy and hard-working principled girl live happily ever after. Works equally well when sexes are reversed.

5. Saccharine endings deliver results. Nothing matters except that he gets the right girl and has learned important life lessons, the kind that everybody in the audience over the age of three already knows. Whether he wins or loses the big quiz that the film has been working towards is unimportant. Voice-over from the protagonist explaining what he has learned (especially if it's 'it's what's on the inside that counts') has a proven track record with your weak-minded but lucrative punters.

Don't mess with the formula, end with a kiss.

Your film, while artistically worthless, will keep you in Moet and speedboats until you die. Just repeat in a different setting every few years, despite what snobby critics might say – they only like films you've never heard of anyway. Jonathan Williams

**Anticipation.** Good cast, best selling book, interesting quiz theme. Has promise. Three.

**Enjoyment.** Here's a starter for 10: what the hell, dude? One.

**In Retrospect.** Foreign readers, please don't judge us all by this dirge. One.





# An interview with Thomas Clay, writer-director of *The Great Ecstasy of Robert Carmichael*.

**LW Lies:** What informed the story behind all the controversy?

**Clay:** It was a reaction to the war in Iraq; looking at what it was that would allow this to happen. I guess it was looking at the moral climate of our society, using a microcosm of England.

**LW Lies:** The film intertwines political sound-bites with the most violent scenes. What did you hope to convey about the link between war and the violence of human nature?

**Clay:** I wanted to ask whether there was a similarity between the two, a kind of root cause. Is it human nature? Is it the corrupting influence of the society we live in?

**LW Lies:** Does the film offer any potential explanation for Robert's violent actions?

**Clay:** There are potential answers. Just as the war is perpetrated for selfish national reasons, the characters are driven by a desire to have more than their neighbour. Also, Robert's isolated from his social group, and that leads him into a deviant mode of thought. In his head, those two things become entangled; this desire to achieve something and dominate other people comes in line with his sexuality. There's still a level of uncertainty for me that's more natural than presenting a pattern.

**LW Lies:** Was the explicit ending intended to create controversy? And has that controversy eclipsed discussion of the film's artistic merits or message?

**Clay:** The intention wasn't controversy. It was integral to the film's structure as a tragedy, a kind of murder mystery in reverse. In France, I felt people looked at it as a whole instead of focusing on the ending. I am slightly disappointed that in England the film is finding it harder to get its message across.

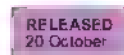
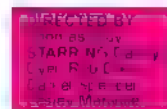
**LW Lies:** Why do you think that may be?

**Clay:** People prefer what they know. They expect a Ken Loach realistic drama at the beginning, but instead it looks at British social realism from a different angle. Also, the film is critical of England and perhaps people can't like that.

**LW Lies:** Do you believe that filmmakers have a social responsibility when creating unsettling scenarios?

**Clay:** I wasn't seeking to portray reality directly. There is a tendency in Britain to struggle for a kind of realism. I want people to view it for what it is, which is my own twisted, moulded construction of what I've taken from this country. Andrea Kurland

For more of Thomas Clay's thoughts on violence, controversy and censorship in British media, check out the full interview at [www.littlewhitelies.co.uk](http://www.littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**Awkward Robert** (Daniel Spencer) is trapped between his middle-class mould and sadistic sexual fantasies. He practises cello with his mother. He masturbates to the Marquis de Sade. He's the lanky kid that girls call a 'perv'. Classic grounds for a deviant spiral of disaffected youth – complete with the illicit lure of drugs and an older delinquent influence.

*The Great Ecstasy Of Robert Carmichael* is a bleak, rambling portrait of a nonchalant British community in the run up to the Iraqi invasion. It seems set on a steady course of Loachian realism, but that's before it stabs you in the eye, throws you to the floor and leaves you sleepless and violated and pleading for the last hour of your life to be rewound and erased. This is the film that had critics running for the exit at Cannes 2005, and that isn't a good thing.

As the fumbled narrative ruthlessly sabotages Yorgos Arvanitis' panterly cinematography, it's clear that Clay's ambitions for arty detachment are not a good thing. It's vacant and dull and then,

in a gratuitous final jab, Robert's sadistic desires play out to harrowing effect with the raping of a pregnant woman using a sword – before being glibly politicised by a hackneyed war montage.

Plundering the emotive stockpile that is Iraq, Clay reveals a cunning get-out clause: label anything an indictment of war, and you instantly render anyone who objects a socially complacent prude. But pretension to a political agenda doesn't wash. Quite the opposite – it only leaves a dirty taste. Andrea Kurland

**Anticipation.** Social commentary on the disillusionment of British youth and the war in Iraq? Sounds like easy pickings. Two

**Enjoyment.** Dull. Mildly arty. Trying hard to feel enlightened. One

**In Retrospect.** You'll want to scrub your brain. One



# ZIDANE, UN PORTRAIT DU 21<sup>EME</sup> SIECLE

DIRECTED BY  
D. Gordon & P. Parreno  
STARRING  
Zinedine Zidane

RELEASED  
29 September

## To some, Zinédine

Zidane will never be more than a footballer; an athlete at once over-paid and over-praised. But to others – not least to two nations, France and Algeria – he represents far more than that; not just a global force in the commercial groove of David Beckham, but a living breathing symbol of Europe and the ragged dissipation of the twentieth century.

Who other than Zidane could have inspired Turner Prize winner Douglas Gordon and French artist Philippe Parreno to embark on a project of such deceptive simplicity? Under the supervision of cinematographer Darius Khondji (a favourite of David Fincher and Chris Cunningham) they trained 17 cameras on Zidane in a game for Real Madrid against

Villarreal one Saturday afternoon in April, 2005. The result, *Zidane, Un Portrait Du 21<sup>eme</sup> Siècle*, is a remarkable insight into Zidane's personal experience of the game, but also a provocative meditation on the ephemeral nature of football's global appeal.

Zidane stalks the pitch like a prizefighter; we see the loneliness, the artistry, the sweat and frustration, we hear of the visions and the clarity that only a football pitch can bring. Flashbulbs blossom in the darkness, and a haunting Mogwai score pitches the game into ethereal abstraction.

As the delicately calibrated media construct of Zidane falls away, all that's left is an ordinary man going about an extraordinary job. At half time we hear in voice over of the other extraordinary

things that happened that day – an animal thought long extinct is rediscovered, the narrator takes his son to the park, in Germany 300 toads explode in a pond. These details cut through the noise and distortions of fame with a vivid clarity, and beg a paradoxically compelling question: why are we watching? Why do we care so much about this man and his job in a world where the bizarre can seem so mundane?

Perhaps it's because Zidane really is unique, because he is more than just a footballer. At the end of the game, in a piece of scarcely credible foreshadowing, he is sent off for an act of reckless violence. But as the world frowns and flusters over Zidane's inner rage, the French have a different perspective. In the words

of philosopher Bernard Henry-Levy, Zidane proved that he is not "a demigod or some idiotic hologram". A little over a year later, with the last breath of his career Zidane confirmed that in the *banlieue* of Marseille he was imbued with the ferocity and hunger of a footballing street-fighter and he, of all people, would never forget it. **Matt Bochenski**

**Anticipation.** Remember *Escape To Victory*? Football films are great. **Three**

**Enjoyment.** It's a restless, thoughtful but compelling experience. **Three**

**In Retrospect.** A unique meeting of art and artistry. **Four**





THE ~~42nd~~ TIMES  
BFI 50<sup>th</sup> LONDON  
FILM FESTIVAL

18 September - 7 November 2006

[www.lff.org.uk](http://www.lff.org.uk) 020 7928 3232

Booking now open




BECAUSE FILMS INSPIRE... PASSION

Film Sponsor

THE  TIMES

Media Sponsor

 BlackBerry

 AIR NEW ZEALAND  
Great airfares from £4.99



## A GOOD YEAR

6.5/10  
27 October

REUNION  
STARRING  
RUSSELL CROWE  
RIDLEY SCOTT  
ALBERT FINNEY  
JULIANNE MOULDER

### Blockbusting

*Gladiator* buddies Ridley Scott and Russell Crowe reunite for another bite at the cinematic cherry. But this time the raw muscularity of story that made *Gladiator* so bluntly effective has been jettisoned in favour of, well, a bizarre kind of advertising – an ideologically slippery homage to an aspirational lifestyle that doesn't exist. Part Lexus commercial, part corporate fantasy, all draped loosely over a series of interconnecting narrative vignettes.

Observe Mr Crowe as ball-busting city financier Max Skinner, with braces, bullish demeanour and punchy aphorisms straight out of the Gordon Gecko handbook

– “Today is greedy bostid day!” he says, in his best heartless aristo accent while galumphing around the trading floor. Max, you see, is indeed a greedy bostid. As the film opens we are introduced to a man who only cares for profit, lives a decadent life of conspicuous consumption, and treats women like trophies and lust objects. But then, on cue, his beloved uncle Henry (Albert Finney) dies and bequeaths him the giant Provençal Chateau where he spent precious childhood years. Naturally, being a greedy bostid, Max flies out to Provence, examines the crumbling old Chateau, and decides that he needs exactly 72 hours to make it “match fit” for sale.

The narrative hook here, of course, is that during this time Max will fall in love, rediscover his inner child, and eventually reject his former lifestyle in favour of simple rustic pleasures. That's the theory anyway, and the film certainly attempts this on the most disingenuous level. And yet the movie's sensual texture – all glamour shots from former ad-man Scott, of Blackberrys, camera phones, smart cars and flash London pads – is deeply at odds with its message. And Max, really, if you look closely, never changes. He remains a wealthy landowner and master of his own universe, right to the bitter end. His wealth is incontestable. His

new wife *is* a trophy. And he's sitting on top of a million dollar wine empire. The lifestyle, in other words, that the film set out to reject, has actually been endorsed. And that's not fun. Kevin Maher

**Anticipation.** Russell Crowe, wine, and the rejuvenating power of romance? No thanks. One

**Enjoyment.** Nice flat, Russ! Nice phone! Nice birds! Nice cars! Nice chateau! Three

**In Retrospect.** What was the point again? Two





RELEASED  
24 November

DIRECTED BY  
Guillermo del Toro  
STARRING  
Ivana Baquero, Sergi López  
Produced by Guillermo del Toro  
Dolby Digital, AC-3, DTS  
Dolby Digital, AC-3, DTS  
Dolby Digital, AC-3, DTS

## Forget the fauns and

faeries of Narnia, *Pan's Labyrinth*, director Guillermo del Toro's re-visioning of the mythical, is a decidedly darker, more earthy affair. Mr Tumnus would feel very lost in this neck of the woods.

It's 1944, and amidst the oppression of General Franco's reign, 11 year-old Ofelia (Ivana Baquero) moves with her heavily pregnant mother to a mountainous Spanish outpost. She is to live with her newly acquired father, Captain Vidal (Sergi López), a cold brute of a man in charge of quelling local resistance to the fascist regime. Having no control over her volatile surroundings, it is here that Ofelia's imagination begins to manifest itself amongst the tatters of real life, offering her the opportunity to escape the troubles of the war, and

help the ones she loves.

But Ofelia's world of the fantastic owes more to Peter Jackson's *Heavenly Creatures* than CS Lewis' snowbound Neverland. Its inhabitants are nymphet faeries, grotesque toads and a lurid faun, all painted in bruised and muddled colours. Here, people and creatures are not to be trusted, and this sense of unease is only heightened by the innocent perspective of Ofelia through which the story unfolds.

Always one to keep us guessing, del Toro continually blurs the boundaries between reality and imagination, with the creatures of the underworld blending with frightening ease into the chaos up above. In fact, while many of Ofelia's apparent imaginings are gruesome, they are hardly the

grimmiest aspect of the story.

The most monstrous creation is the Captain himself; his savage conviction is more shocking than any child-eating beast with eyes in its hands.

Yet del Toro is measured enough to hold back when needs be. Although he can produce fantasy on a huge scale, it is the attention to detail – every sound, every creek, every flutter – coupled with the ability to evoke a genuinely gripping sense of tension, that allows the film to sit squarely in a vivid and all-too-terrifying reality.

*Pan's Labyrinth* packs a potent punch; visually stunning, utterly compelling and emotionally absorbing. The tale of a young girl lost in a mad world might not grab you as the most original of concepts, but watching the unique

explosions of del Toro's mind realise themselves on screen is truly astounding. Helen Cowley

**Anticipation.** A Grimm fairytale from the man that brought us *Hellboy* Cool. Four

**Enjoyment.** An unexpectedly shocking mix of fantasy and heart-breaking reality expressed in an all too vivid manner. Four

**In Retrospect.** Truly compelling viewing; sucks you in and refuses to spit you out. Five

**LWLies** exclusively Interviews Guillermo del Toro on page 98.





## ROMANZO CRIMINALE

DIRECTED BY Michele Placido  
CAST: Kim Rossi Stuart, Riccardo Scamarcio, Pierfrancesco Favino, Claudio Santamaria, Anna Mouglalis, Kim Rossi Stuart

RELEASED  
3 November

### Michele Placido's

Italian crime epic *Romanzo Criminale* has some pretty big balls. Think of it as *Scarface* meets *The Godfather*, as four young friends plot a 30-year journey to the top of Rome's Mafia food chain. That's three decades of violence, betrayal and corruption at the very highest levels of the Italian government.

Those four friends are Dandi (Claudio Santamaria), Freddo (Kim Rossi Stuart), Nero (Riccardo Scamarcio) and The Lebanese (Pierfrancesco Favino). Starting out with high-profile kidnappings in the disco-dominated '70s, their rise to power will encompass drugs, gambling, prostitution and, ultimately, state-sponsored terrorism. Shadowing them is Commissario Scialoja (Stefano Accorsi) whose own 30-year journey will be no less complex, made more so by his infatuation for Freddo's woman – high-class call girl Patrizia (Anna Mouglalis)

The film is actually at its weakest during the first third – its *Scarface* section that deals most intimately with The Lebanese's violent rise and fall. Though Favino oozes psychotic tension (he has the face and physicality of a stampeding bull) this is the portion that feels at once most familiar and the least sure-footed.

Once he's out of the picture, Dandi and Freddo are free to take centre stage, and *Romanzo Criminale* really gets going. Their ambiguous relationship is the film's greatest strength, and both Santamaria and Rossi Stuart get bolder and darker with every scene they share. As the years pass each of them will be manipulated by forces far, far beyond their understanding, and as they sink deeper into this shadowy world of political violence the pressures driving them apart will become uncontainable.

If this relationship is the film's psychological core, then Roberta

(Jasmine Trinca), Dandi's girlfriend, is its emotional anchor. Roberta is a shaft of light, the one touchstone of uncompromised goodness. She's Dandi's soul, where the sins he's committed are washed clean, and her fate, terrible and inevitable, is a metaphor for all their lives.

As Scialoja, Stefano Accorsi has a role of rare subtlety in a gangster movie. He's no cipher, no straight man to the bad guys' glamorous scene stealing, nor does he fester with the usual jealousies of a dime-a-day policeman. Oh, he's tempted alright, and there's no doubt that his first moves on Patrizia are at least partly about power and revenge, but she comes to love him because there's something in him that the others will never have – a spark of conviction that isn't dimmed over three decades of fruitless struggle. There are anti-heroes in this film, and they're as cool and tough and smouldering

as anti-heroes always are, but in Scialoja there's a hero too, and there's something touchingly old-fashioned about that idealism in this grim and gritty milieu.

So *Romanzo Criminale* doesn't touch the heights it's aiming for – who's surprised? It's a bloodthirsty, violent and emotionally intricate gangster movie in a world of depressing Brit flick pretenders, and that alone is reason to like it. **Matt Bochanski**

**Anticipation.** Tony Montana meets Michael Corleone meets Dolce & Gabbana. **Four**

**Enjoyment.** Too familiar for its own good, but rousing, convincing and satisfyingly blood splattered. **Three**

**In Retrospect.** Head and shoulders above the current crop. **Three**



# LWLies talks to *Romanzo Criminale*'s Anna Mouglalis about power, corruption and being a prostitute at heart.

**LWLies:** Do you think the events in this film have relevance today?

**Mouglalis:** Yes, because it shows you the links between power and crime. At the end of the film you see that all those men — those gangsters that have caused so much blood — have become respectable men, and they are totally swallowed by society. When we did the movie, Berlusconi was still the president, and he controlled everything — the media, TV, newspapers — but everybody accepted it, even actors.

**LWLies:** What's the answer to that situation?

**Mouglalis:** Refuse to go in his magazines. Refuse interviews for his TV shows. I refuse to do it, but I was speaking with a lot of actors, and they don't care. They say that they are against his economic measures and the war in Iraq, but then in their every day lives they don't do what they have to do.

**LWLies:** Is there something in your background that makes you sympathetic to this kind of cause?

**Mouglalis:** Well, there's a big tradition of criticism in France, for sure — the French Revolution came about from criticising. But in France nowadays it's sunk into some kind of caricature of criticism. There's no real movement, you know, no real enthusiasm. Criticism without belief is death.

**LWLies:** Patrizia is very much the spiritual opposite of Dandi's girlfriend Roberta. Is it more natural for you to be drawn to those darker characters?

**Mouglalis:** Well Patrizia and Roberta are archetypes — the woman is either a prostitute or a mother. Roberta is the mother; she's the pure girlfriend and virgin — she even stands in front of the painting of the virgin by Caravaggio. But when you play a character like a prostitute, it's always based on failure, so there's a dark side that allows you a lot more energy.

**LWLies:** How do you account for Patrizia's feelings for Scialoja?

**Mouglalis:** In the book there is a real love story between those two. In the movie what I love is that it's not Manichean — there are not good characters and bad characters — and the cop is the worst, he is just driven by ambition.

**LWLies:** Don't you think there's something noble about dedicating 30 years of your life to what was, for a long time, a fruitless chase of these gangsters? He's not corrupt...

**Mouglalis:** Everybody is corrupted. He's just driven by power — he wants to have his promotion and he knows that he can have a big one with that case.

**LWLies:** You're such a cynic...

**Mouglalis:** Maybe, I don't know, but I don't have the same point of view. Matt Bochenski

Check out the full transcript of this interview at [www.littlewhitelies.co.uk](http://www.littlewhitelies.co.uk)



**At the best of times,** concert films can be hard work. Maybe the reason they offer such marginal interest is because there seems to be so many contractually obliged toss offs — like Dylan's *Real Live* or any of the MTV *Unplugged* series, which seems to exist purely so slick-haired record execs have an excuse to dust down their leather jackets, slap on a pair of wrap-around shades and 'whoop' like the company men they are.

Neil Young might be alone in the pantheon of great American singer-songwriters in that his output on film has been as good, if not better, than his work on record. From 1979's bizarre *Rust Never Sleeps*, right through to Jim Jarmusch's roughshod *Year Of The Horse* and his own eco-parable *Greendale*, Bernard Shakey has consistently proved to be intriguing as a live performer and effortlessly shrewd in his choice of collaborators. Director Jonathan Demme has also shown he's no cack-hand at capturing rock concerts, with 1984's superlative document of the Talking Heads, *Stop Making Sense*, a classic of the genre.

*Heart Of Gold* is the debut performance of the album *Prairie Wind*, which Young recorded mere months after receiving treatment for a brain aneurysm, hearing that his father had passed away and

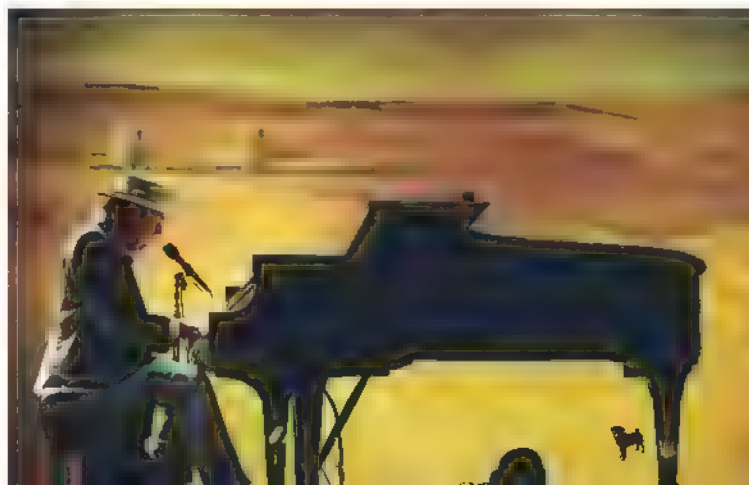
hitting the big 6-0. For fans, it takes no more than 30 seconds until the dustbowl vibe transports you directly to the Ryman Auditorium in Nashville where you can loosen those spurs, swig some payote and allow the songs from a decidedly average album to find their proper footing in this gorgeous live setting.

After a triumphant run-through of 'Prairie Wind', Young breaks out some of the classics like 'Four Strong Winds', 'Harvest Moon' and 'Old Man'. Perhaps best of all is a stirring rendition of 'One Of These Days' in which 10 musicians (including the likes of Emmylou Harris and Young's missus Pegi) form a wall of acoustic guitars along the front of the stage and play their hearts out — it's a rousing statement of musical solidarity and a mark of total respect for this prodigious, invaluable talent. David Jenkins

**Anticipation.** Break out the goose down pillows — your ass is gonna hurt real, real bad. Two

**Enjoyment.** A real charmer of a film. Young's delivery is perfect. Four

**In Retrospect.** Even a fleeting interest in Young's work should ease you in to the laid back vibe. Four





OUTFITTERSFORTHERESISTANCE

STOCKIST INFORMATION T: 01905 745 884 E:ADMIN@SABOTAGE.UK.COM WWW.FLY53.COM





Designed by  
garlic-munching  
peasant  
Rob Longworth,  
&  
edited by his  
lordship, David,  
the Duke of  
Jenkins.

IN WHICH WE DISCUSS THE MEDIUM OF  
FILM IN ITS MANY MEENORISING FORMS





## The Craftsman

Guillermo del Toro is a big man. Hunched over the table and leafing through a small leather notebook packed with the beautiful first sketches for his latest film, *Pan's Labyrinth*, he fills the room with genuine enthusiasm and excited waves of endearing expletives as he holds forth on comic books, poetry and the rejection of Hollywood's big pay day.

Born in Guadalajara, Mexico, and raised by his Catholic grandmother, del Toro has won acclaim for films like *The Devil's Backbone*, *Blade 2* and *Hellboy*, yet he maintains an unpretentious insistence that he is simply a craftsman; a skilled labourer making films in the same way that a carpenter makes a chair. Such salt of the earth declarations tend to attract cynicism, but it quickly becomes apparent that he's entirely sincere—a director who will shun the big money of Hollywood to preserve his artistic integrity, and who revels in that outsider status.

Probably the most striking evidence of this staunch independence comes from his insistence on shooting films in Spanish. *Pan's Labyrinth* is set in Spain during the uneasy peace after the dog days of the Civil War, and del Toro argues it was important to keep the language authentic, even though it meant English-speaking actor Doug Jones learning his lines phonetically. As he explains his decision, though, it becomes clear that a more perverse motivation was also at work:

"Every time we do one of these films I get the distributor saying, 'I'll give you three times the money if you shoot the same story but in English,' and you say, 'Why? If I wanted to do that I would shoot an American movie.'" The words 'American movie' come laced with such disdain it's clear there is an element of stubbornness in the decision. "Oh, there's a stubbornness involved in everything, yeah. Filmmaking is not about succeeding but fucking up on your own terms, and if you don't do it like that you're setting yourself up for disappointment."

It was after winning the International Critics Week Prize in Cannes in 1992 with *Cronos* that del Toro came to the attention of the big studios, and duly moved to Hollywood to shoot *Mimic*, a film that provided an early taste of disappointment. The experience was not a positive one, and he returned to Mexico feeling that the studio had forced him to compromise. It was an inauspicious start to his Hollywood career, and one that



has fuelled the determination to carve his own path. *Blade II* and *Hellboy* are proof that this determination does not mean shying away from the mainstream, however, and the comic book fan will next be turning his attention to the adaptation of DC's *Deadman* ("I like comics and I like dead people"). But it's clear that the older, wiser del Toro is only interested in making films the way he wants them made.

But what is that way? To follow his own metaphors, a craftsman makes a chair so that people can sit on it. But what is the function of del Toro's films? What need do they satisfy?

"They try to illuminate people who know where to look, and that's one of the things that it says in *Pan's Labyrinth*, where it says, 'Like all of us, she left small traces of her time in the world for the people that know where to look.' I think that our time on earth is marked by tiny little signs, like one tiny flower in a completely dried out tree. That is a function. I have many times in my life been in despair, and - I swear to God this is absolutely true - that I have felt like dying, and a film saved my life."

*Pan's Labyrinth* is the first film that del Toro has written, produced and directed himself, and in it he indulges his artistic aims, picking up themes already seen in *The Devil's Backbone* and intensifying them. "I wanted *The Devil's Backbone* and *Pan's Labyrinth* to be mirrors; a brother mirror and a sister mirror that you can hopefully one day watch back to back. In *The Devil's Backbone* everything is repeated twice - it's like a rhyming movie. And now with *Pan's Labyrinth* that rhyming is taken to another level. I love the idea of things in my movies rhyming with each other. Things in *Cronos* rhyme with things in *The Devil's Backbone*, things in *Hellboy* rhyme with things in *Pan's Labyrinth*, and so hopefully once I'm finally fucking dead and everyone breathes a sigh of relief that, okay, finally the fat guy has fucking gone, then they can look at the films and see there's a rhyming structure."

Excitedly expounding on the structure of his films, del Toro makes it all sound like a quality box set. Let's just hope we don't have to wait for him to die before we get it.

Portraits by Eva Vermandel



"Dive! Dive! Dive!" Is there any more evocative word in cinema, repeated three times? (*Tora! Tora! Tora!* may work as a title, but as a film it does go on a bit. Another very good title, but not a very good film, is *Above Us The Waves*.) We all know what comes next: periscope down, the ping of the sonar, the red light reminiscent of a photographer's dark room.

The submariner's life is one of numbers: distance to target, torpedo tube one, distance to the ocean floor, ever-rising pressure levels. It's no coincidence that sci-fi movies share much with the sub flick – that slim metal tube floats precariously in an alien environment. In the same way that a U-boat's hull might give way – fatally – at any moment, so "The engines cannot take it, Cap'n".

Author Geoff Dyer stems the distinctive tropes of the submarine movie in his memorable e-novel *Paris Trance*. Central characters Luke and Alex pore through the pages of listings mag *Pariscope* for the best way to experience the city of (flickering) light, only to discover they're surrounded by Cassavetes films

So these movie buffs escape instead in a shared love of submarine movies. Their list of themes fills a page of the book (page 33 in the Abacus paperback edition, if you happen to have one lying about), and they come to one vital conclusion: "Essentially, you're a Second World War man?" "Through and through." No *Crimson Tide* or *The Hunt For Red October* for them.

If you think about it, depth charges and silent routine have become imprinted on our minds through only a handful of films. *The Enemy Below*, starring Robert Mitchum and Curt Jurgens is probably the best of the form; all the regulation words and images are present and correct.

There's the man who cracks amid it all who can't take it any more – he even tries to climb up the conning tower and open the hatch when they're under water. He's talked down by Jurgens: "It is part of our work to die; we are not going to die. Do you believe me? Do you believe me?" He does.

Incidentally, there's a great shot just before this point in the movie: the crews are absolutely still in the middle of the Atlantic waiting for the tiny noise that gives the other away. One US sailor is shown playing noughts and crosses while another is fishing over the side of the boat. Audaciously, the camera moves all the way down his line to focus on the sub, paralysed on the seabed. Here, the German crew is playing chess.

Made in 1957, *The Enemy Below* exemplifies what makes this genre so special: it's not the rakish fashions, the thrill of the chase or the heightened sense of claustrophobia – no, it's because these films consistently humanise the enemy. Like no other, the WWII sub flick is as interested in the other side as the heroes we're ostensibly hacking. Could this be because the two sides are at different levels? This literally isn't a level playing field.

Because of this, director Wolfgang Petersen could extend the form further in 1981 for his groundbreaking TV series, *Das Boot*. Here we see the war entirely from the German's point of view; as in *The Enemy Below*, a stalwart young Nazi ideologue on board is humoured almost like a wilful child: wrongheaded, but what can you do? Here again is the captain portrayed as mythical seer, a man whose experience and guile will see his crew home alive.

This is the best bit: the Second World War submarine film is a visceral Battleships, a bloody mind game played out, usually by two mutually-admiring leaders. As Jurgen Prochnow's captain proclaims at a crucial moment in *Das Boot*: "Jetzt wird es psychologisch, meine Herren" – "Now it gets psychological, gentlemen." Jonas Milk

## SUB GENRE

### THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

A World War One German U boat sinks a British ship and rescues the survivors, but the sub promptly gets lost and ends up on an island inhabited by cavemen and dinosaurs. Perhaps understandably things somewhat run out of steam after this.

### GRAY LADY DOWN

Archetypal, chunky '70s disaster pic featuring a stranded navy sub, starring – get this – Charlton Heston, Stacy Keach and Ned Beatty. Going down quicker than John Malkovich in *Dangerous Liaisons*.

### OPERATION PETTICOAT

Cary Grant and Tony Curtis take a boatload of women aboard – and have to paint their sub pink. Weird Freudian shenanigans and filmic misreading make for a sort of *Some Like It Underwater*. Not right.



## The Times BFI London Film Festival

October 18 to November 2  
Sandra Hebron

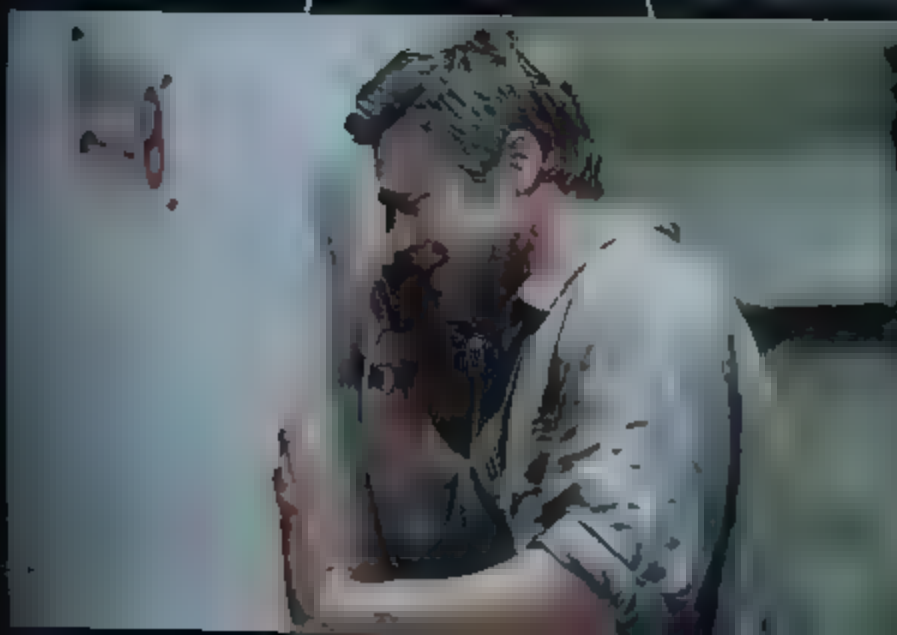
If there's one thing London knows how to do properly, it's put on a festival. Thus, you'll be excited to hear that from October 18 to November 2, cultural bearings will be altered irrevocably by a windfall of great films from all over the globe. Dammit, it's *The Times* BFI 50th London Film Festival, and it's knocking on your door.

The opening gala this year will be Brit director Kevin MacDonald's first foray into fiction film, *The Last King Of Scotland* about the turbulent times in Uganda under the rule of Idi Amin. Other galas include Joan Cameron Mitchell's sexually frank *Shortbus* (which received some great buzz at Cannes), and Peter O'Toole's triumphant return in Roger Michell's slightly saccharine-looking *Venus*. Richard Linklater makes it two in a year with *Fast Food Nation*, and Nuri Bilge Ceylan weighs in after the critically adored *Uzak* with his meditative marriage drama *Climates*.

Other films to watch out for include Lars von Trier's new 3D comedy *The Boss Of It All* (filmed in Automavision, the updated version of *Dogme* that essentially involves filming things all wrong, but artily), Nanni Moretti's political satire, *Il Caimano*, Ryan Fleck's Locarno prize winner, *Half Nelson*, and Shane Meadows's new skinhead drama, *This Is England*.

Like that's not enough, stay on the lookout for Kelly Reichardt's festival favourite, *Old Joy*, starring alt-folk superstar Wil Oldham, and gross-out meets pathos in Bobcat Goldthwaite's (dude played Zed in *Police Academy*) new film, *Sleeping Dogs Lie*. From the Brit contingent comes a new (fiction!) film from Nick Broomfield based on the recent cockling tragedy in Morecambe Bay called *Ghosts*, as well as a documentary on the enigmatic life of music legend Scott Walker, *Scott Walker: 30 Century Man*.

And so the line-up goes on, and on, and on, in a good way, of course. Closing ceremony is the newbie from Mexican wunderkind, Alejandro González Iñárritu, *Babel*. On a final note, do, if you have the time, make an effort to catch Paul Verhoeven's wondrously exciting *Black Book* as well as Hans Christian Schmid's German masterpiece, *Requiem*. Both of them are truly great films.



*LW* Lies talks to LFF artistic director Sandra Hebron, about what she's going to be up to in the coming month and what films she reckons you should check out

*What are you up to until things kick off?*

Well, the programme is out in the public domain now so we're doing everything that actually makes it happen; like all of the arrangements for filmmakers come over, the practicalities of the screenings and all of the other events that we have going on.

*How long did you spend on putting together this year's programme?*

I start in January, so that's eight or nine months. As soon as we finish one we start on the next one. Obviously, there's myself and Michael Hayden who work all year on the festival, but we've also got specialist programme advisors all over the world. By the middle of August we try and pull it all together.

*You must go to quite a few festivals throughout the year?*

I start my viewing in January at Sundance, then there's Rotterdam, then we all go to Berlin and Cannes. The other thing that I do is just go to lots of independent screenings, so I head to Paris for three days and sit in a viewing theatre and watch all the new French films, and the same with Rome. A lot of what we watch is back here, though, as the festival is open submission so anyone can send anything they want.

*Do you ever reach the point where you think, 'If I see another French film I'm going to scream'?*

No, but I did think if I don't get to see any sunshine I'm going to scream. I'm the kind of person who likes to be outside, and I just kept having these weekends where every Saturday night someone would tell me what a great day they'd had, they'd either been to the seaside or sat in Regents Park all day, and I had to say, 'Yep, well I was watching my DVDs'.

*You're probably not supposed to say, but is there any one film at this year's festival that you'd urge people to get along to?*

Everybody's tastes are different, and I love all the films that have been programmed. I have residual fondness, because it was the first film I invited to the festival this year, for a film called *Old Joy*. I saw it at Sundance on the first day and fell in love with it which is really dangerous as there were still 10 more days to go, and I've probably seen 800 films since then. So go see it.

November 2 to 5  
Director: Chris Fell

Film aficionados will be spoilt for choice when they attend this year's Leeds International Film Festival (LIFF); the largest regional film festival in the UK.

This year, LIFF marks its twentieth anniversary and is set to incorporate over 350 films across a dozen venues. The festival will showcase a diverse range of new and seasoned talent from the UK and across the globe, while the program caters to all palettes by including everything from shorts to documentaries and feature films. The organisers are particularly keen to highlight UK newcomers who are making great films, often on a limited budget. These films may not have the commercial appeal of their Hollywood counterparts, but they're full of verve and passion. Filmgoers should pay attention in particular to the films that emerge from the UK Film Week, the segment of the festival which dedicates itself to independent cinema.

This year's UK Film Week will celebrate the world premiere of *Bits N Bites*, a film from the Finnigans, the renowned Scottish husband and wife team who have been making low budget black comedies for years. Since establishing their film company in 2000, the Finnigans have consistently delivered a string of hits; their previous films *Black Coffee*, *Four Eyes* and *Two Donuts* have won critical acclaim and audience praise. Their latest project is not to be missed. *Bits N Bites* is a revenge story which takes a bleak look at the happy slapping craze. It highlights the extent of human cruelty and how unchecked individual actions can lead to devastating consequences. Another film to watch out for is Paul Andrew Williams' *London To Brighton*, which deals with the difficult topic of prostitution. Based in London, the story is about a prostitute and a homeless runaway who become an unlikely duo as they try to escape the seedy world of the capital for the south coast. Scenes of child prostitution make for uneasy viewing, but it's a story that will keep you enthralled, moved and horrified in equal measure.



## HIGHLIGHTS FOR LIFF 2006

AS RECOMMENDED BY THE FESTIVAL ORGANISERS.

### DARK REMAINS

A very spooky ghost story which will have you jumping out of your seat.

### THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

A harrowing but remarkable British film studying family relationships and the descent into madness.

### COLOUR ME KUBRIK

John Malkovich is an impostor who is Stanley Kubrick. Demented fun.

### DARKON

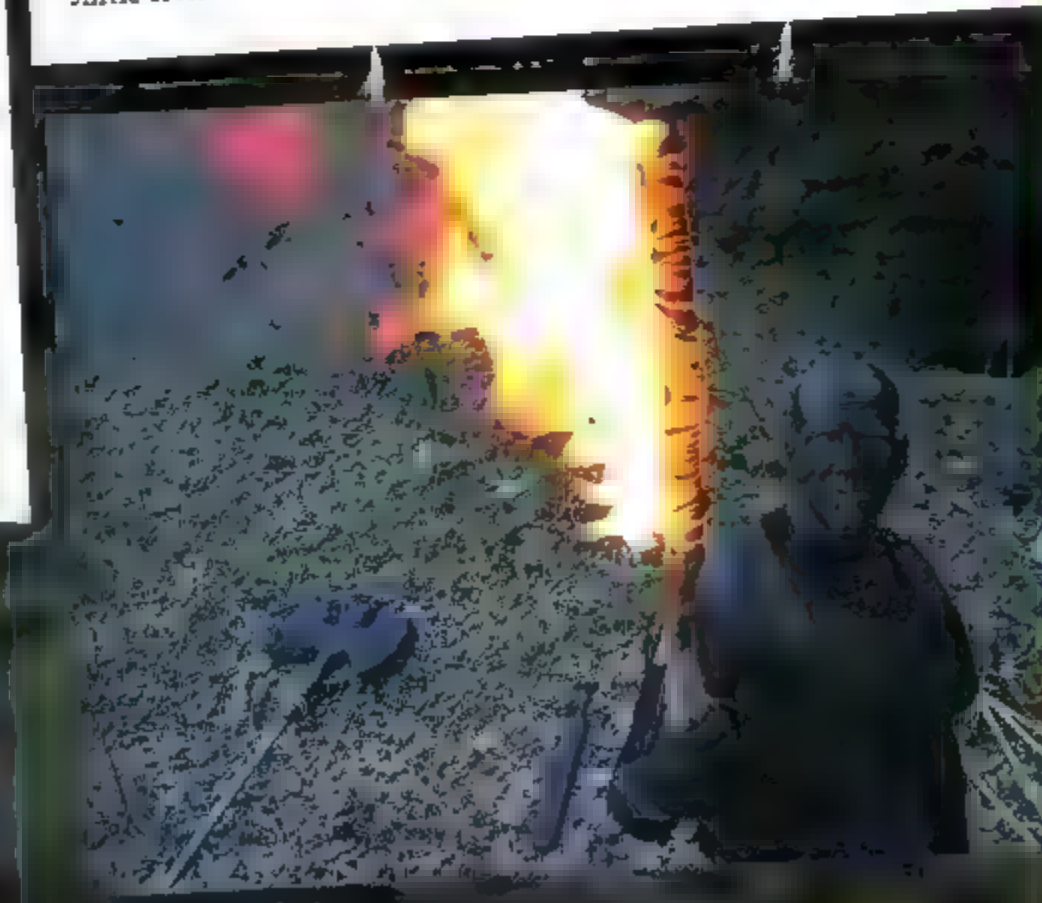
A really great documentary about role play gaming in the US, which is both side-splitting and serious, full of live 'battle' scenes and rivalry, and showing the outcasts of 'ordinary' society in their own fantasy-fuelled domain. Brilliant.

### TORO NEGRO

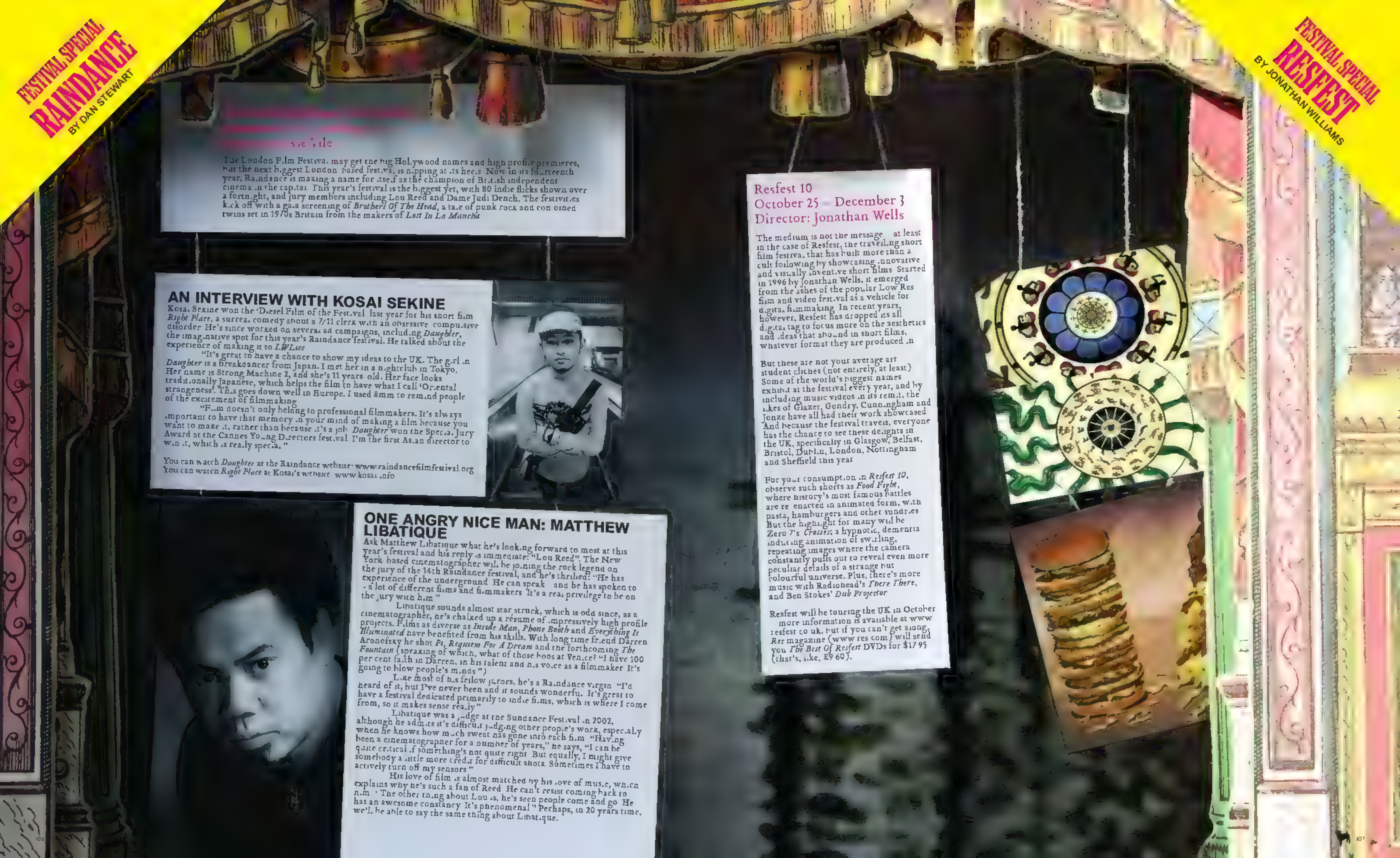
Toro Negro, aka *El Suicida*, is an alcoholic, drug-abusing, Mexican bisexual toreador, superbly presented to us with the skill of two documentary filmmakers. *Toro Negro* is at once magnificently daring and heart-breakingly broken. It's a portrait not to be forgotten.

### BARBERS: A MEN'S STORY

We meet some of Quebec's most charismatic traditional barbers, who show us that being a barber is about so much more than just cutting hair. The next time you go for a trim you'll remember this film and smile lots.







FESTIVAL SPECIAL  
**RAINDANCE**  
BY DAN STEWART

### See Vile

The London Film Festival may get the big Hollywood names and high profile premieres, but the next biggest London based festival is nipping at its heels. Now in its fourteenth year, Raindance is making a name for itself as the champion of British independent cinema in the capital. This year's festival is the biggest yet, with 80 indie flicks shown over a fortnight, and jury members including Lou Reed and Dame Judi Dench. The festivities kick off with a gala screening of *Brothers Of The Head*, a tale of punk rock and conjoined twins set in 1970s Britain from the makers of *Lost In La Mancha*.

### AN INTERVIEW WITH KOSAI SEKINE

Kosai Sekine won the 'Diesel Film of the Festival' last year for his short film *Right Place*, a surreal comedy about a 7/11 clerk with an obsessive compulsive disorder. He's since worked on several ad campaigns, including *Daughter*, the imaginative spot for this year's Raindance festival. He talked about the experience of making it to *LWLies*.

"It's great to have a chance to show my ideas to the UK. The girl in *Daughter* is a breakdancer from Japan. I met her in a nightclub in Tokyo. Her name is Strong Machine 2, and she's 11 years old. Her face looks traditionally Japanese, which helps the film to have what I call 'Oriental strangeness'. This goes down well in Europe. I used 8mm to remind people of the excitement of filmmaking."

"Film doesn't only belong to professional filmmakers. It's always important to have that memory in your mind of making a film because you want to make it, rather than because it's a job. *Daughter* won the Special Jury Award at the Cannes Young Directors festival. I'm the first Asian director to win it, which is really special."

You can watch *Daughter* at the Raindance website: [www.raindancefilmfestival.org](http://www.raindancefilmfestival.org)  
You can watch *Right Place* at Kosai's website: [www.kosai.info](http://www.kosai.info)



### ONE ANGRY NICE MAN: MATTHEW LIBATIQUE

Ask Matthew Libatique what he's looking forward to most at this year's festival and his reply is immediate: "Lou Reed". The New York based cinematographer will be joining the rock legend on the jury of the 14th Raindance festival, and he's thrilled: "He has experience of the underground. He can speak and he has spoken to a lot of different films and filmmakers. It's a real privilege to be on the jury with him."

Libatique sounds almost star struck, which is odd since, as a cinematographer, he's chalked up a résumé of impressively high profile projects. Films as diverse as *Inside Man*, *Phone Booth* and *Everything Is Illuminated* have benefited from his skills. With long time friend Darren Aronofsky he shot *Pi*, *Requiem For A Dream* and the forthcoming *The Fountain* (speaking of which, what of those hoos at Venice? "I have 100 per cent faith in Darren, in his talent and his voice as a filmmaker. It's going to blow people's minds.")

Like most of his fellow jurors, he's a Raindance virgin. "I'd heard of it, but I've never been and it sounds wonderful. It's great to have a festival dedicated primarily to indie films, which is where I come from, so it makes sense really."

Libatique was a judge at the Sundance Festival in 2002, although he admits it's difficult judging other people's work, especially when he knows how much sweat has gone into each film. "Having been a cinematographer for a number of years," he says, "I can be quite critical if something's not quite right. But equally, I might give somebody a little more credit for difficult shots. Sometimes I have to actively turn off my sensors."

His love of film is almost matched by his love of music, which explains why he's such a fan of Reed. He can't resist coming back to him. "The other thing about Lou is, he's seen people come and go. He has an awesome constancy. It's phenomenal." Perhaps, in 20 years time, we'll be able to say the same thing about Libatique.

### Resfest 10 October 25 – December 3 Director: Jonathan Wells

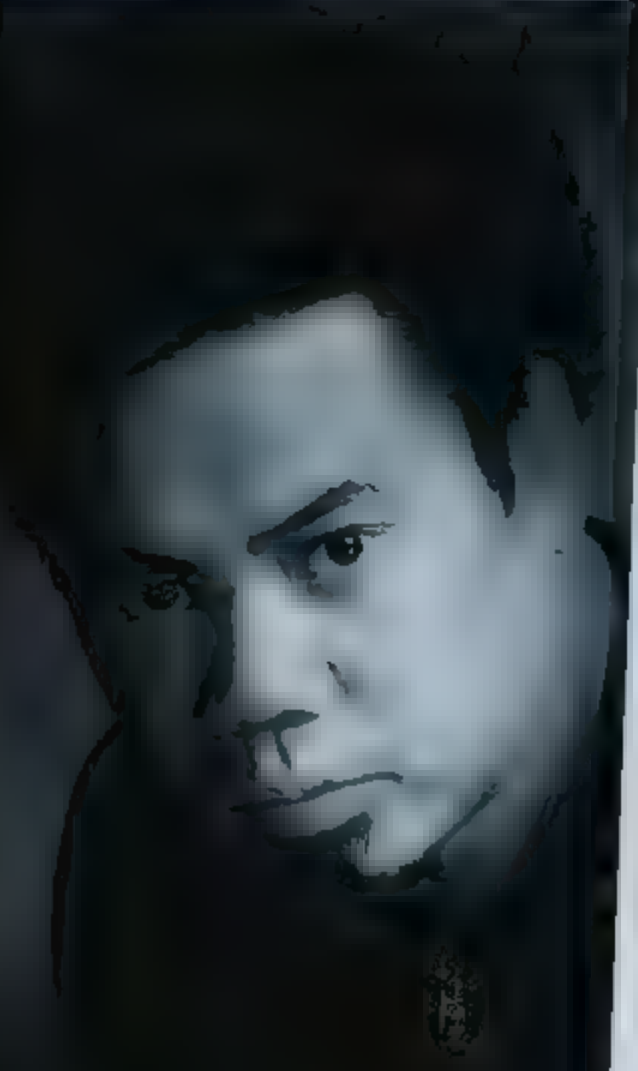
The medium is not the message – at least in the case of Resfest, the travelling short film festival that has built more than a cult following by showcasing innovative and visually inventive short films. Started in 1996 by Jonathan Wells, it emerged from the ashes of the popular Low Res film and video festival as a vehicle for digital filmmaking. In recent years, however, Resfest has dropped its all digital tag to focus more on the aesthetics and ideas that abound in short films, whatever format they are produced in.

But these are not your average art student clichés (not entirely, at least). Some of the world's biggest names exhibit at the festival every year, and by including music videos in its remit, the likes of Glazer, Gondry, Cunningham and Jonze have all had their work showcased. And because the festival travels, everyone has the chance to see these delights in the UK, specifically in Glasgow, Belfast, Bristol, Dublin, London, Nottingham and Sheffield this year.

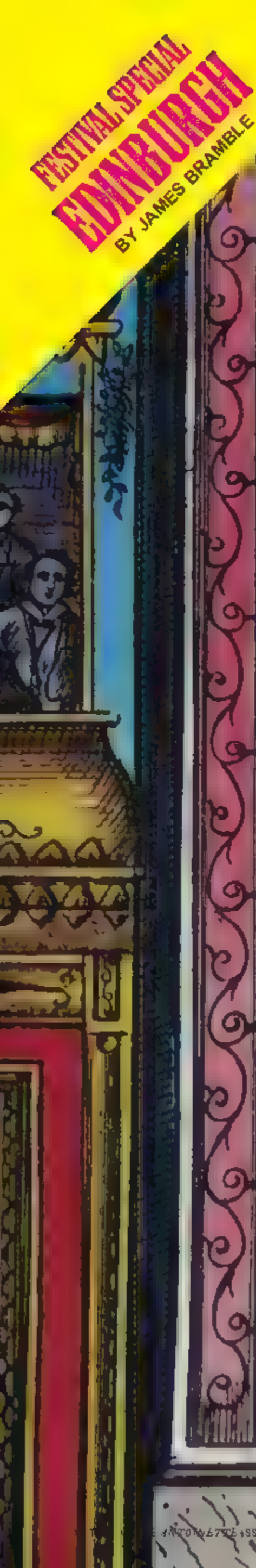
For your consumption in Resfest 10, observe such shorts as *Food Fight*, where history's most famous battles are re-enacted in animated form, with pasta, hamburgers and other sundries. But the highlight for many will be Zero 7's *Crosser*, a hypnotic, dementia inducing animation of swirling, repeating images where the camera constantly pulls out to reveal even more peculiar details of a strange but colourful universe. Plus, there's more music with Radiohead's *There There*, and Ben Stokes' *Dub Projector*.

Resfest will be touring the UK in October. More information is available at [www.resfest.co.uk](http://www.resfest.co.uk), but if you can't get along, Res magazine ([www.res.com](http://www.res.com)) will send you *The Best Of Resfest* DVDs for \$17.95 (that's, a.k.e, £9.60).

FESTIVAL SPECIAL  
**RESFEST**  
BY JONATHAN WILLIAMS







## The Edinburgh International Film Festival August 14 - August 27 Director: Shane Daniels

In late August, the great, the good and Sean Connery descended on Edinburgh for the annual International Film Festival - the longest continually running film festival in the UK. Featuring around 100 feature films as well as numerous talks, events and other assorted junkets, the festival remains one of the most important on the European circuit.

This year's Shorts programme included around 150 films, in 10 different categories, from Scotland, England, Europe, America and the rest of the world. *LWLies* caught up with director Martin Smith, whose short, *Accidents*, was screened as part of the Scottish Shorts slot. After making music videos for the likes of Arab Strap and The Delgados, Smith made two shorts with the support of Scottish Screen, and is working on another while a feature is in development. Here he talks about directing non-actors; Ken Loach; and getting your short films made.

### How did you start making shorts?

To cut a long story short, I got really bored with music videos. I liked the work but I wasn't passionate about it. I had a feature script that I'd written in film school, so I sent that to the script factory and they took me on as one of their core writers. That set the wheels in motion. I came back to Scotland and someone from Scottish Screen at a film festival told me I could apply to them directly.

### What was the inspiration for *Accidents*?

While I was doing the music videos I was doing workshops with kids, getting them access to cameras to get them to do their own films, kind of mentoring I suppose. I'd go into schools that were a bit 'colourful' and get stories off them. It wasn't supposed to be a big melodramatic piece. A lot of it is internalised, which is why good casting was important, and to get a good young non-actor who could carry that off.

### How did you direct that internalised acting?

I made it work by going through an extensive casting process with Carline Crawford. I took the working methods from my music videos - casting non-actors and took them up a gear I suppose. I knew I wanted to work with an element of improvisation as well. I wanted it to be very naturalistic.

### Tell us about Ken Loach.

I emailed Ken Loach's production company not expecting to get anything out of it, but I thought, 'I want to talk to the guy'. I just dropped him an email, and the next day he phoned me up and we talked about his working methods and what he goes through when he's casting. I had a lot of ideas in place and I just wanted to tick boxes, basically. In that conversation he mentioned he'd worked with Carline Crawford. She's a vital part of my team because she understood what I wanted from the film, what I wanted from the casting and the type of characters I wanted. Not speech-schooled stuff, but someone who had a little spark, something different. We got Ryan [Wallace] after we did street casting, school casting, and gave kids the script and improvised scenarios that were similar to the film, so we knew we were going to get the right person.

### Is this just a way to break into features?

To be honest, I'm not a huge fan of short films and never have been. Short films were always a means to an end in the sense of actually getting a feature done. But that's not saying that once I actually approached the project I wasn't concerned about how it was going to turn out, and that the performance and narrative had to be right. I wouldn't have done a short if I hadn't felt that way about it. It's a little slice of life I guess. You know the old thing, that short films are more like poems.



## What happens when beer and cinema collide? CobraVision proves that it doesn't have to be a total catastrophe.

The official social lubricant of the Edinburgh International Film Festival's various bars and parties, Cobra Beer have also established an innovative short film competition, CobraVision, aimed at giving filmmakers the opportunity to get their shorts screened on ITV2, 3 and 4. Says Karan Bilimoria, founder and CEO of Cobra Beer, "It's encouraging creativity, encouraging the British film industry and entertaining the consumer because you don't know what you're going to see next. To me, it's British creativity at its best. I'm really proud of it."

Two of this year's winners, Edward McGowan and Sam Rogers, also had their films screened at a panel discussion at this year's festival entitled 'I'm Your Film - Get Me Out There'. The discussion was chaired by Nik Powell, the sardonic Director of the National Film and Television School, and included BAFTA award-winning short film directors Adrian Macdowell and Simon Hynd.

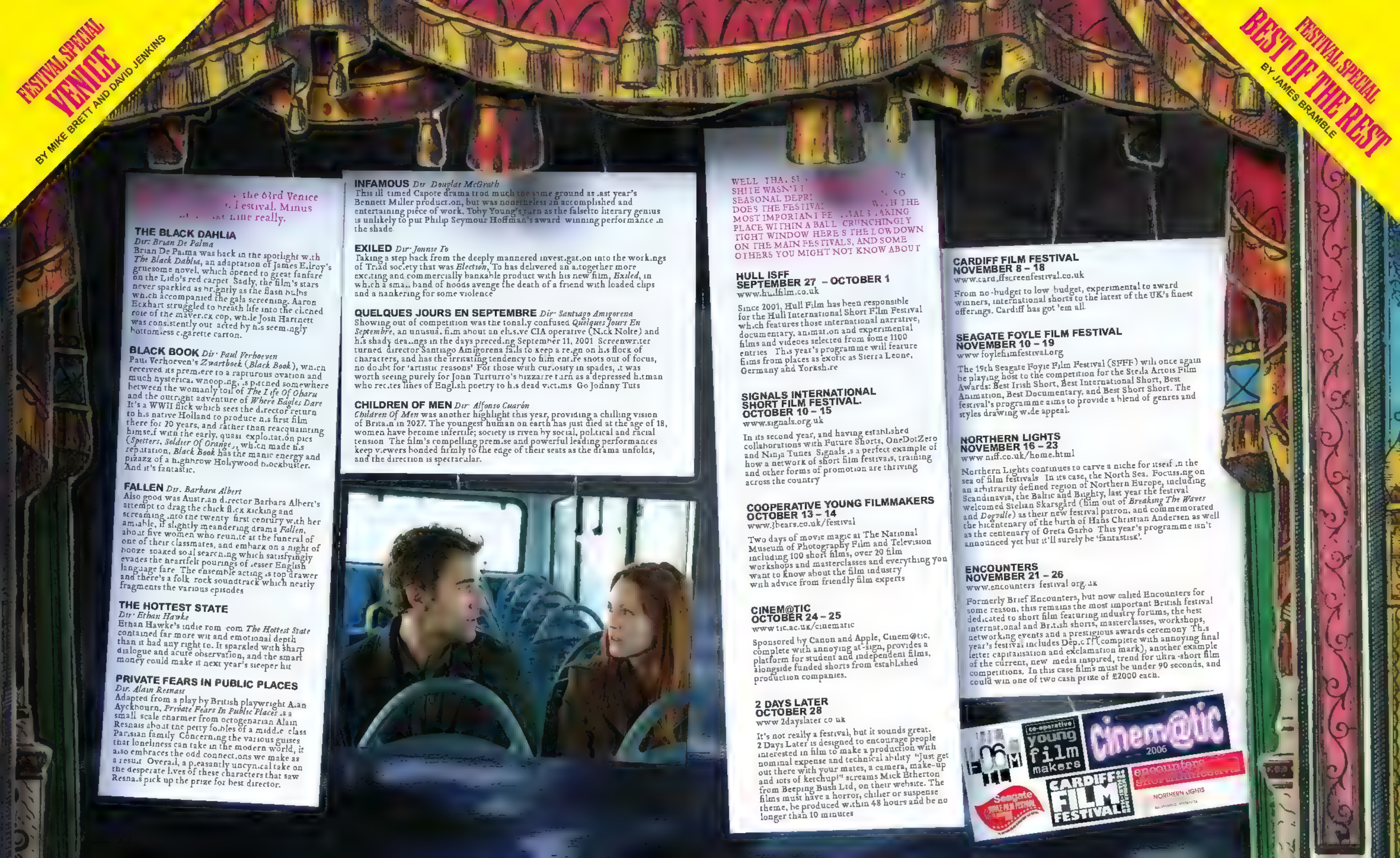
After the predictable mulling of the relative merits of the festival circuit and new media, discussion turned to money, and specifically whether short film would ever be a self-supporting industry, or remain a tentative route into features. The panel seemed divided, Adrian Macdowell stating that, "It's about time people started getting money back", while others seemed more inclined to see short film as a 'loss leader', akin to unsigned bands offering their music for free online.

Just as it was getting really interesting, time was up. The discussion might have raised more questions than it answered, but that's no bad thing. Cobra's next competition is 'Make Your Mark in Film', a collaboration with the 'Make Your Mark' campaign. Judges, including Franc Roddam, director of *Quadrophenia*, will award a top prize of £3,000 to the best script consisting of 10 five-minute episodes. The film will then be produced by 10 different regional production teams, and will be shown around the UK.

For more information go to [www.makeyourmark.nfilm.org](http://www.makeyourmark.nfilm.org), or for more on CobraVision go to [www.cobrabeer.com/cobravision](http://www.cobrabeer.com/cobravision).







FESTIVAL SPECIAL  
VENICE  
BY MIKE BRETT AND DAVID JENKINS

FESTIVAL SPECIAL  
BEST OF THE REST  
BY JAMES BRAMBLE

the 63rd Venice  
Festival. Minus  
the line really.

### THE BLACK DAHLIA

**Dir: Brian De Palma**  
Brian De Palma was back in the spotlight with *The Black Dahlia*, an adaptation of James Elroy's gruesome novel, which opened to great fanfare on the Lido's red carpet. Sadly, the film's stars never sparked as brightly as the flash bulbs which accompanied the gala screening. Aaron Eckhart struggled to breath life into the cloned role of the maverick cop, while Josh Hartnett was consistently out acted by his seemingly bottomless cigarette carton.

**BLACK BOOK** **Dir: Paul Verhoeven**  
Paul Verhoeven's *Zwartboek* (*Black Book*), which received its premiere to a rapturous ovation and much hysteria, whooping, is pitched somewhere between the womanly toil of *The Life Of Ophelia* and the outright adventure of *Where Eagles Dare*. It's a WWII flick which sees the director return to his native Holland to produce his first film there for 20 years, and rather than reacquainting himself with the early, quasi exploitation pics (*Spetters*, *Soldier Of Orange*), which made his reputation, *Black Book* has the manic energy and pizzazz of a highbrow Hollywood blockbuster. And it's fantastic.

**FALLEN** **Dir: Barbara Albert**  
Also good was Austrian director Barbara Albert's attempt to drag the chick flick kicking and screaming into the twenty first century with her amiable, if slightly meandering drama *Fallen*, about five women who reunite at the funeral of one of their classmates, and embark on a night of booze soaked soul searching which satisfyingly evades the heartfelt pourings of lesser English language fare. The ensemble acting is top drawer and there's a folk rock soundtrack which neatly fragments the various episodes.

**THE HOTTEST STATE**  
**Dir: Ethan Hawke**  
Ethan Hawke's indie rom com *The Hottest State* contained far more wit and emotional depth than it had any right to. It sparkled with sharp dialogue and acute observation, and the smart money could make it next year's sleeper hit.

**PRIVATE FEARS IN PUBLIC PLACES**  
**Dir: Alain Resnais**  
Adapted from a play by British playwright Alan Ayckhourn, *Private Fears In Public Places* is a small scale charmer from octogenarian Alain Resnais about the petty foibles of a middle class Parisian family. Concerning the various guises that loneliness can take in the modern world, it also embraces the odd connections we make as a result. Overall, a pleasantly uncynical take on the desperate lives of these characters that saw Resnais pick up the prize for best director.

**INFAMOUS** **Dir: Douglas McGrath**  
This ill timed Capote drama trod much the same ground as last year's Bennett Miller production, but was nonetheless an accomplished and entertaining piece of work. Toby Young's turn as the falsetto literary genius is unlikely to put Philip Seymour Hoffman's award winning performance in the shade.

**EXILED** **Dir: Jonnie To**  
Taking a step back from the deeply mannered investigation into the workings of Triad society that was *Election*, To has delivered an altogether more exciting and commercially bankable product with his new film, *Exiled*, in which a small band of hoods avenge the death of a friend with loaded clips and a hankering for some violence.

**QUELQUES JOURS EN SEPTEMBRE** **Dir: Santiago Amigorena**  
Showing out of competition was the tonally confused *Quelques Jours En Septembre*, an unusual film about an elusive CIA operative (Nick Nolte) and his shady dealings in the days preceding September 11, 2001. Screenwriter turned director Santiago Amigorena fails to keep a reign on his flock of characters, and has the irritating tendency to film entire shots out of focus, no doubt for 'artistic reasons'. For those with curiosity in spades, it was worth seeing purely for John Turturro's bizarre turn as a depressed hitman who recites lines of English poetry to his dead victims. Go Johnny Tuts.

**CHILDREN OF MEN** **Dir: Alfonso Cuarón**  
*Children Of Men* was another highlight this year, providing a chilling vision of Britain in 2027. The youngest human on earth has just died at the age of 18, women have become infertile; society is riven by social, political and racial tension. The film's compelling premise and powerful leading performances keep viewers bonded firmly to the edge of their seats as the drama unfolds, and the direction is spectacular.



**WELL THAT'S THE WAY THE WHITE WASN'T IT SEASONAL DEPRESSED DOES THE FESTIVAL WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT FESTIVAL TAKING PLACE WITHIN A BALL CRUNCHINGLY TIGHT WINDOW HERE'S THE LOW DOWN ON THE MAIN FESTIVALS, AND SOME OTHERS YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW ABOUT**

### HULL ISFF SEPTEMBER 27 - OCTOBER 1

[www.hullfilm.co.uk](http://www.hullfilm.co.uk)  
Since 2001, Hull Film has been responsible for the Hull International Short Film Festival which features those international narrative, documentary, animation and experimental films and videos selected from some 1100 entries. This year's programme will feature films from places as exotic as Sierra Leone, Germany and Yorkshire.

### SIGNALS INTERNATIONAL SHORT FILM FESTIVAL OCTOBER 10 - 15

[www.signals.org.uk](http://www.signals.org.uk)  
In its second year, and having established collaborations with Future Shorts, OneDotZero and Ninja Tunes, Signals is a perfect example of how a network of short film festivals, training and other forms of promotion are thriving across the country.

### COOPERATIVE YOUNG FILMMAKERS OCTOBER 13 - 14

[www.bears.co.uk/festival](http://www.bears.co.uk/festival)  
Two days of movie magic at The National Museum of Photography Film and Television including 100 short films, over 20 film workshops and masterclasses and everything you want to know about the film industry with advice from friendly film experts.

### CINEM@TIC OCTOBER 24 - 25

[www.tic.ac.uk/cinematic](http://www.tic.ac.uk/cinematic)  
Sponsored by Canon and Apple, Cinem@tic, complete with annoying at-sign, provides a platform for student and independent films, alongside funded shorts from established production companies.

### 2 DAYS LATER OCTOBER 28

[www.2dayslater.co.uk](http://www.2dayslater.co.uk)  
It's not really a festival, but it sounds great. 2 Days Later is designed to encourage people interested in film to make a production with nominal expense and technical ability. "Just get out there with your mates, a camera, make-up and lots of ketchup!" screams Mick Etherton from Beeping Bush Ltd, on their website. The films must have a horror, thriller or suspense theme, be produced within 48 hours and be no longer than 10 minutes.

### CARDIFF FILM FESTIVAL NOVEMBER 8 - 18

[www.cardiffgreenfestival.co.uk](http://www.cardiffgreenfestival.co.uk)  
From no-budget to low budget, experimental to award winners, international shorts to the latest of the UK's finest offerings, Cardiff has got 'em all.

### SEAGATE FOYLE FILM FESTIVAL NOVEMBER 10 - 19

[www.foylefilmfestival.org](http://www.foylefilmfestival.org)  
The 19th Seagate Foyle Film Festival (SFFF) will once again be playing host to the competition for the Stella Artois Film Awards: Best Irish Short, Best International Short, Best Animation, Best Documentary, and Best Short Short. The festival's programme aims to provide a blend of genres and styles drawing wide appeal.

### NORTHERN LIGHTS NOVEMBER 16 - 23

[www.niff.co.uk/home.html](http://www.niff.co.uk/home.html)  
Northern Lights continues to carve a niche for itself in the sea of film festivals. In its case, the North Sea. Focussing on an arbitrarily defined region of Northern Europe, including Scandinavia, the Baltic and Bughty, last year the festival welcomed Stellan Skarsgård (him out of *Breaking The Waves* and *Dogville*) as their new festival patron, and commemorated the bicentenary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen as well as the centenary of Greta Garbo. This year's programme isn't announced yet but it'll surely be 'fantastisk'.

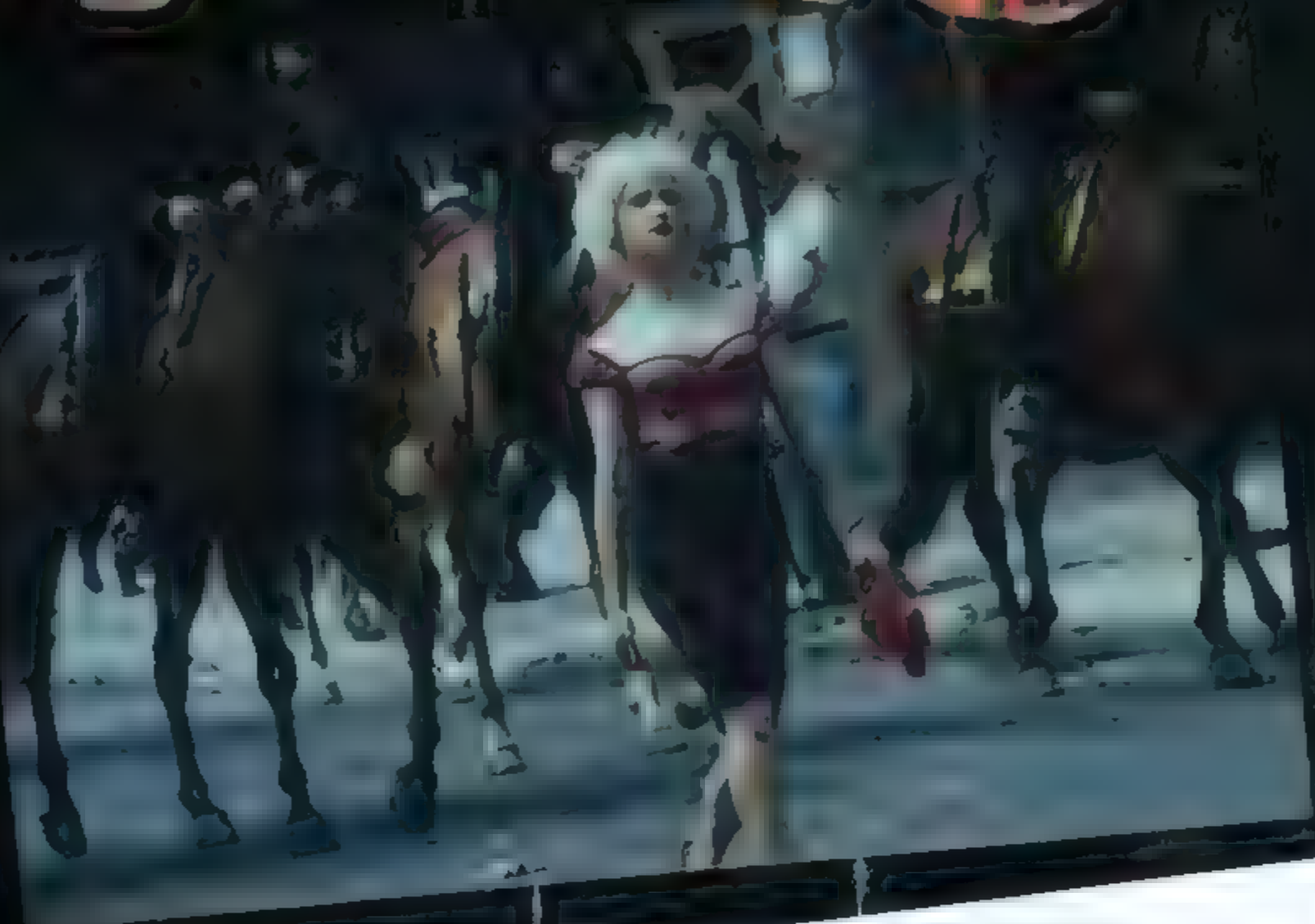
### ENCOUNTERS NOVEMBER 21 - 26

[www.encountersfestival.org.uk](http://www.encountersfestival.org.uk)  
Formerly Brief Encounters, but now called Encounters for some reason, this remains the most important British festival dedicated to short film featuring industry forums, the best international and British shorts, masterclasses, workshops, networking events and a prestigious awards ceremony. This year's festival includes Dep.c It (complete with annoying final letter capitalisation and exclamation mark), another example of the current, new media inspired, trend for ultra-short film competitions. In this case films must be under 90 seconds, and could win one of two cash prize of £2000 each.





**DVDs**  
MOVIES THAT USED TO BE ON THE BIG SCREEN  
NOW ON THE SMALL IT'S THE CIRCLE OF LIFE



**LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN (1989). DIR: ULI EDEL**  
**HUBERT SELBY JR: IT'LL BE BETTER TOMORROW (2006).**  
**DIRS: MICHAEL W DEAN, KENNETH SHIFFRIN**  
**AVAILABLE: OCTOBER 2**

To understand *Last Exit To Brooklyn* is to appreciate the early life of author Hubert Selby Jr. Riddled with tuberculosis and in near-constant pain, the crippled marine who best described himself as "a scream looking for a mouth", found a refuge in writing. In between spells bedridden and addictions to morphine, heroin and alcohol, he wrote two of the great, dark American novels, *Last Exit To Brooklyn* and *Requiem For A Dream*. Both have been turned into excellent films, and the former now gets the Special Edition treatment on DVD backed by a new feature-length documentary of Selby's life. His Brooklyn is a piss-stained, vomit strewn, '50s wasteland, a city where loveless whores and thugs, consumed by hatred and desperation, turn to drugs and violence just to feel anything at all.

Of the different characters the script flits between, streetwise whore Tralala (Jennifer Jason Leigh) and disturbed union leader Harry Black (Stephen Lang) put in remarkable performances, tragically caught between bravado and despair. Director Uli Edel's brave adaptation stays pretty true to Selby's vision, but ultimately fails to capture the unrelenting mercilessness found in his writing. *Last Exit To Brooklyn* is a novel which beats you up and wears you down with hundreds of pages of fantastically ungrammatical prose, in which characters deteriorate slowly and painfully.

By the time they self-destruct you've long-since been broken, but Edel's 100 minute screen adaptation offers only fleeting explanations for each character's actions. His attempt to find some sort of resolution at the end of the film is also a misstep, but doesn't do a disservice to what is otherwise an intense, vivid and moving film. *It'll Be Better Tomorrow*, an 80 minute independent documentary which occupies the second disc, really adds weight to the set. Flatly narrated by Robert Downey Jr, the sheer colour of Selby's life is enough to raise this beyond the reach of most biopic documentaries and every second Selby spends on screen is never less than totally engaging. Supporting interviews with Ellen Burstyn, Lou Reed and Jared Leto give insight to Selby's unique talent, as does the academic analysis of Selby's bizarre writing style. A triumphant celebration of one of literature's underappreciated greats. *Adam Benzine*

**THE MAX OPHÜLS COLLECTION (THE RECKLESS MOMENT (1949), LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN (1948), MADAME DE... (1953), LE PLAISIR (1952)).**  
**DIR: MAX OPHÜLS**  
**AVAILABLE NOW**

"By the time you read this letter, I may be dead." So begins German-born director Max Ophüls' most celebrated work, *Letter From An Unknown Woman*. Based on a novel by Stefan Zweig, it's the tale of a young woman's unrequited love for the playboy pianist who moves in next door. Told in flashback, this masterpiece is a staple of afternoon TV comfort viewing, and cemented Ophüls' reputation as a master of spectacle.

His camera flies just as gracefully through *Le Plaisir*, although the middle story in this trio of tales adapted from Maupassant about vanity, does grate slightly. *Madame De...* charts, with incredible lightness of touch, the downfall of a relationship through the path of a pawned pair of earrings; the portrait here of the division between a man and a woman's world - one of Ophüls' abiding preoccupations - is remarkably dark in its manipulations.

While Ophüls revels in the turn-of-the-century, high society settings of these three European films - released individually - he's no less adept at the seamier side of twentieth century US life. Though ostensibly melodrama, *The Reckless Moment* is adapted from a story in the *Ladies Home Journal*, and here Ophüls moves into thriller territory. James Mason is terrific as a blackmailing who sympathises with his housewife victim, Joan Bennett, their relationship has all the overtones of an affair. In his excellent introduction, Todd Haynes makes a telling slip when he calls Ophüls "Sirk". Ophüls made only one film in colour but these are as rich and sumptuous as anything by Sirk. Pure pleasure. *Jonas Muk*







**THE LADYKILLERS (1955)**  
**DIR: ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK**  
**AVAILABLE NOW**

*The Ladykillers* is a film very much of its time in terms of its slow pacing and intelligent humour, but is still more enjoyable than the recent Coen brothers remake, thanks in large part to Messrs Guinness and Sellers. The real test for modern audiences is whether the film avoids being too twee. It does so, largely because the criminal gang who use Mrs W. Berforce's house seem genuinely nasty. The scene where Herbert Long arrives on her doorstep for the gang's first practice session, shrouded in shadow, could feasibly come from a horror film. The fact that the old lady is totally unaware of this is, of course, what makes the comedy tick. And tick it still does. *Tom Young*

**WILDERNESS (2006)**  
**DIR: MICHAEL J BASSETT**  
**AVAILABLE: 23 OCTOBER**

Since the colossal success of *28 Days Later*, opportunistic British directors have been showering the viewing public with low budget, gore splattered horror thrillers. *Wilderness* is so brazen in its references that with hindsight it's difficult to distinguish between this and *Dog Soldiers* or *a Deathwatch Descent to Severance*. A group of Asho youths are sent to a militaristic punishment island (see *Battle Royale*) where they are despatched in various gruesome and drawn out ways. The cast of unknowns try hard, and the cinematography is impressive, but its mixture of dead meat geezers, and geysers of blood ends up as forgettable as an ITV drama. *Dan Stewart*

**LITTLE FISH (2005)**  
**DIR: ROWAN WOODS**  
**AVAILABLE: 23 OCTOBER**  
*Little Fish* is a gritty and uncompromising film portraying a broken family's existence in the shadow of drug addiction. A youthful-looking Cate Blanchett is Tracey Heart, a former heroin addict, whose dream to co own and expand the video shop she works in is squandered by lack of collateral and a bad credit rating. A money-making opportunity presents itself when Johnny, an ex boyfriend, arrives back in town. But he harbours a secret that will eventually lead to tragedy. The only time she feels liberated is by her morning swimming sessions, but then all the characters in this film seem to be swimming against the tide. However, the slow burn, interwoven plot means the change of pace into thriller mode towards the end comes too late to be convincing, unfortunately tarnishing the freedom felt in the last scene. *Abigail Lellor*

**PRIME (2005)**  
**DIR: BEN YOUNGER**  
**AVAILABLE NOW**

The marketing for *Prime* made it out to be a sassy battle of the sexes, but the reality turns out to be a sort of *Annie Hall* for the OC generation. Taurman plays Rafi, a 37 year-old Manhattanite divorcee who falls for David, an artist 14 years her junior. The affair is enlivened by the fact that, unbeknownst to the lovers, Rafi's therapist (Meryl Streep) is David's mother. Streep's performance as the brittle, protective mother raises the film several levels above its formulaic premise, but the under-written script isn't funny enough to be comedy, and not interesting enough to convince as drama. *Dan Stewart*



**ATTACK OF THE 50FT WOMAN (1993)**  
**DIR: CHRISTOPHER GUEST**  
**AVAILABLE: 9 OCTOBER**

You probably didn't know that Christopher Guest (he of *Spinal Tap*) directed this TV remake, after you've seen it, you probably won't care either. That may sound a little harsh, but let's face facts: the '50s B movie was hardly a masterpiece, and this does little to build a name for itself. After a close encounter with a UFO, a downtrodden wife (Daryl Hannah) finds herself growing in size every time she gets angry. As she's surrounded by misogynistic bastards, this proves to be quite a problem. In Guest's fumbling hands this set-up seems quite pedestrian, and boredom sets in long before Hannah reaches the height of her powers. *Neon Kelly*



**THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY (2006)**  
**DIR: KEN LOACH**  
**AVAILABLE: 6 NOVEMBER**

A well deserved Palme d'Or went to this, Ken Loach's moving portrayal of life around a distinctly Irish kitchen sink. *The Wind That Shakes The Barley* is a gripping tale based on the Irish civil war. Forget any comments about it being IRA propaganda or anti British, this is a truly masterful portrayal of small town Ireland fighting tooth and nail against the imperialist rule that chokes it. Cillian Murphy is superb as Damien, one of two brothers spearheading a rag tag militia through the pangs of guerrilla warfare in dank, brooding Irish landscapes. Overall, it's a heartfelt and intelligent work, soaked to the core with raw human emotion. *Paul Wiloughby*

**RIZE (2005)**  
**DIR: DAVID LACHAPPELLE**  
**AVAILABLE NOW**

Like most Next Big Things, krumping has actually been around for ages – since the early '90s in fact. It just took a couple of pop videos (Christina Aguilera's *Dirty*, Missy Elliott's *I'm Really Hot*) and this documentary to get people talking about it. LaChapelle is obviously in awe of his subject matter, and successfully transmits this to the viewer. Some of this stuff seems simply impossible without sped-up film or, indeed, superpowers, but possible it is. It just takes a whole lotta practice. Satisfyingly, the documentary refuses to be judgemental on issues of race and identity, and it's all the better for it. *Tom Young*



**THE THIRD MAN (1949)**  
**DIR: CAROL REED**  
**AVAILABLE NOW**  
 At last, this classic British film noir gets the Special Edition release it deserves. Often overlooked on British Top 100 lists because of its American stars, *The Third Man* is steeped in the murky paranoia of post-war Europe. Though its striking composition of all shadows and backlit angles - shows the influence of European expressionism, the film's beautifully paced series of thriller set pieces are straight out of classic Hollywood. Included alongside the otherwise predictable extras sits a fascinating documentary, originally shown at Cannes in 2003, featuring archive interviews with stars Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles, director Carol Reed and writer Graham Greene. Dan Stewart



**WITHNAIL & I (1987)**  
**DIR: BRUCE ROBINSON**  
**AVAILABLE: 2 OCTOBER**  
 After two decades, Bruce Robinson's bittersweet boozier still stands among the finest of all British comedies. Richard E. Grant and Paul McGann star as misguided actors who flee Camden for a close weekend in the country, even as the dog-end of the '60s fizzles to a close. That's really all there is to it, along with a heap of drinking and the best swearing ever committed to celluloid. This edition features a long-awaited commentary from Robinson himself, although the other extras feel a tad limp. You shouldn't care. *Withnail* is the kind of film that pulls out your heart and leaves you laughing at the hole. Buy it. Neon Kelly



**ONE DAY IN EUROPE (2005)**  
**DIR: HANNES STOHR**  
**AVAILABLE NOW**  
 The first chapter of this episodic European drama, set against a fictional Champions League final between Deportivo and Galatasaray, sees an English tourist robbed in Moscow. Despite the language barriers, she teams up with a Russian babushka to get a police report for her insurance company. So far so quirky, yet with increasing variations on the other chapters show slight more times, in three European locations. Beautifully shot and nicely cast it may be, but any film whose main theme is the difficulty of getting police reports abroad does not deserve two hours of your time. Dan Stewart

**CAVE OF THE YELLOW DOG (2005)**  
**DIR: BYAMBASUREN DAVA**  
**AVAILABLE NOW**  
 Everyone has dreamed of living off the land at some point, carving out their own existence against the forces of nature. No? Never mind. As long as you revel in the awesome simplicity of the world, then *Cave Of The Yellow Dog* will delight. The child leads lend it all a beautiful naivety and the nomadic lifestyle of the herders is gentle, relaxing escapism for a couple of hours. In fact, if you could turn the subtitles off, this would be the filmic equivalent of one of those chill out CDs, and you won't even have to put up with Zero 7. Tom Atkinson

**THE HEIRLOOM (2005)**  
**DIR: LESTE CHEN**  
**AVAILABLE NOW**  
 An architect and his fiancée move into a haunted mansion, and another faceless soldier joins the swelling army of Asian horror flicks. Or does it? *The Heirloom* bares all the familiar staples of the genre - a gloomy location, morose characters, a cute yet unnerving child - but by favouring grim atmosphere over sharp shocks, it strives to mimic the cold chills of *The Amityville Horror* and its '70s kin. It's a noble intention that works to a fair extent, and even when the pace drops to an undead crawl, it's hard to accuse Chen of following the crowd. Neon Kelly

**PRETTY PERSUASION (2005)**  
**DIR: MARCOS SIEGA**  
**AVAILABLE: 9 OCTOBER**  
 Britney Spears has a lot to answer for. Evan Rachel Woods, as Kimberly, a sexually advanced, fame hungry schoolgirl who, in order to get media exposure for her acting career, convinces two classmates to collaborate in an accusation of sexual assault on their sleazy drama teacher. There are similarities to both *Heathers* and *Electra*, but nevertheless, this film fails to balance the dark satire with wit and/or pathos. Although James Woods' thigh-wiping naïf father generates a few laughs. Abigail Lelliot



**THE EYE INFINITY (2005)**  
**DIRS: DANNY PANG, OXIDE PANG**  
**AVAILABLE: 9 OCTOBER**  
 How do you stop the third part of your trilogy from descending into utter tosh? If your name is Danny Pang, you head straight for the door marked 'Parody'. While the plot retreats the all-too-familiar path of foolish teenagers and summoned spirits, *The Eye Infinity* has a welcome tongue in its cheek, witness the horrors of a haunted basketball, or the possessed youth whose supernatural convulsions are mistaken for breakdancing. Such daft humour feels like a breath of fresh air, and it allows a few genuinely creepy moments to catch you off guard - not that you'd ever want to admit it. Neon Kelly







**LOUDQUIETLOUD: A FILM ABOUT THE PIXIES (2006)**  
DIRS: STEVEN CANTOUR, MATTHEW GALKIN  
AVAILABLE: 6 NOVEMBER

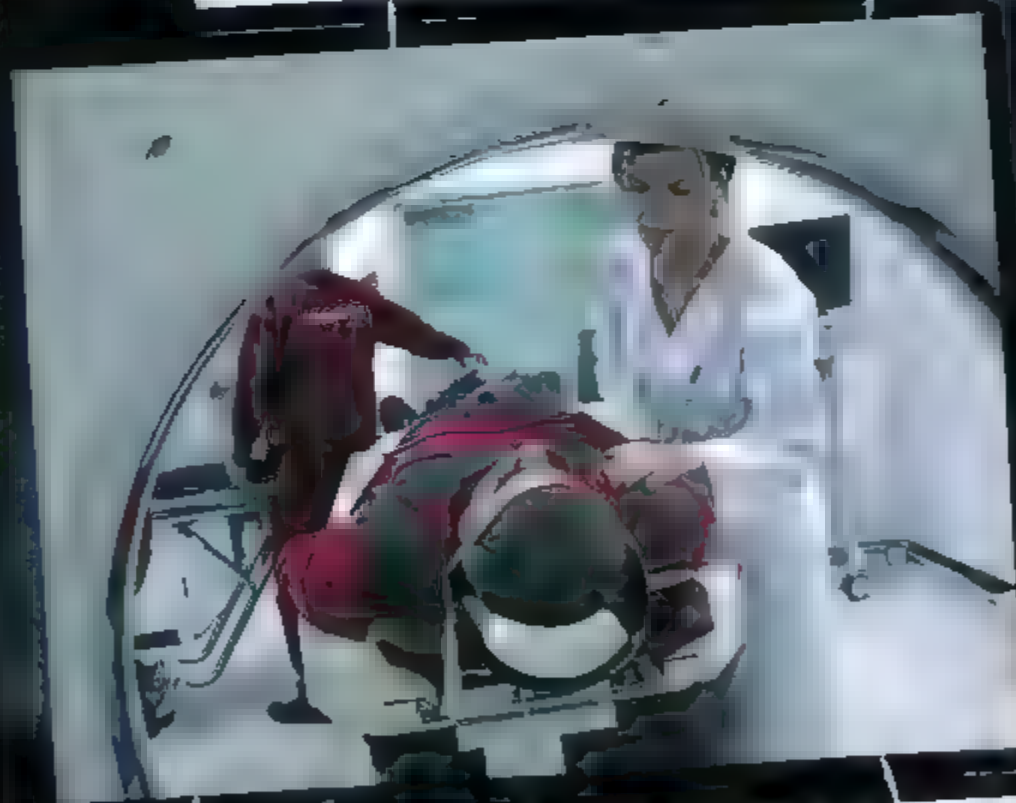
"I was just trying to rip off The Pixies." This one ubiquitous quote has appeared in every article about The Pixies since it was first uttered by Kurt Cobain in 1993. This one quote revitalised their album sales and brought them fame, respect and, most importantly, money. This one quote brought them sell-out crowds on their reunion tour in 2004 - the subject of *loudQUIETloud*. It's all here: the creative conflicts; the drugs, the booze, the rock and roll, but more than any other tour documentary, this film de-mythologizes each band member completely. The group, whilst mesmerising on stage, are distinctly average off stage, leaving you thinking, 'They're just like me - hey, maybe I could rip off The Pixies too' Jonathan Williams

**ATOMISED (2006)**  
DIR: OSKAR ROEHLER  
AVAILABLE: 23 OCTOBER

Fans of Gallic muck merchant Michel Houellebecq will be sorely disappointed with German director Oskar Roehler's screen adaptation of his much lauded, much discussed and much criticised novel, *Les Elementaires Particules*. What in the book is a sprawling, multi-stranded, geo-political swipe at twentieth century sexual hang-ups is now a slight, directionless character study which is poorly acted, directed and scripted. The colourised to-fuck flashback scenes set in the '60s/'70s make it look like a live action Disney film, and even the crushing pessimism which ran through every sentence in the book is somehow lost in translation. Fair game, it's not the most cinematic of novels, but why then even choose to make it? David Jenkins

**VIVA ZAPATEROI (2005)**  
DIR: SABINA GUZZANTI  
AVAILABLE: 30 OCTOBER

And we thought we had it bad with our dodgy PM? Check out Italy: those guys are totally up shit creek. Sabina Guzzanti is an Italian Rory Bremner who scored a prime time slot on state television for her political satire programme, *Raiot!* That is until, then prime minister/media mogul Silvio Berlusconi decided to have it cancelled. Forever. Through this investigation, which has been described as the Italian *Fahrenheit 9/11*, Guzzanti reveals some shocking truths about Berlusconi's dirty tactics which usually involve scare mongering small scale political agitators with billion euro lawsuits, and placing right-wing stooges in positions of power within the media. As Jim Garrison said at the end of JFK "When it smells like it, feels like it, and looks like it, you call it what it is - it's Fascism." Great stuff David Jenkins



**THE DEATH OF MR LAZARESCU (2006)**  
DIR: CRISTI PIUI  
AVAILABLE: 23 OCTOBER

This lengthy, unpretentious and almost pornographically intimate yarn about the final evening of a filthy old Hungarian drunk is perhaps one of the most affecting pieces of realist cinema to make it to our shores this year. The film's numerous literary touchstones, most notably Dante's *Divine Comedy*, help to lift the undeniably bleak subject matter into an altogether more cerebral, thought provoking realm, and as a display of cinematic humanism, it is currently matched only by the work of the Dardenne's. Moreover, *The Death Of Mr Lazarescu* also works as a scathing dissection of the entrenched bureaucracy of Eastern European hospitals as our 'hero' is carted from one Emergency Room to the next with doctors paying scant regard for his ever-deteriorating condition. This is cinema that gets under your skin, and stays there David Jenkins



**FILM: FEDS**  
BOX MARKINGS: 3.99 WEST END LEISURE, BUYERS OF VIDEO, CD, MC  
TRAILERS: COLIN BUCKSEY'S DEALERS

'Silkwood With A Sawn-Off', 'The Accused With Attitude' Warner Bros really didn't know what they had on their hands with this one

TV movie parolee Rebecca De Mornay's ex marine and timid comedy tundra Mary Gross' bookworm are both accepted into the FBI training programme on the back of an affirmative action initiative, in this 1987 polemic from the mind of internment movie specialist Harold Ramis

Can our duo cut the Gordian logic-knot of the Canadian Kafka who put *Stripes* on Bill Murray's arm, sent Rodney Dangerfield *Back To School* and sentenced Michael Keaton to what we can only imagine is the sheer living hell of multiple Michael Keatons, in Philip K Dick's *Multiplicity*? Suffice it to say that even during a school-projectsque running time of 79 instructive minutes, these girls manage to explode such male dominated preserves as the latently homosexual eating contest and kicking each other in the swingers, while playing so hard and fast with the rules that Mayor Dooley and those pen pushers up at City Hall end up choking on their danishes

With the film sandwiched between the similarly feisty rallying cries of *Working Girl* and *Fatal Attraction*, it is to Ramis' credit that he wisely allows room for cute blond munchkin De Mornay to further expand the feminist manifesto she so baldly laid out in *Risky Business* into a clarion call to small arms.

'Sleep Tight America. These Women Carry Guns' trumpeted the film's tagline, and this subtle reverse psychology served perfectly in awakening America from the complacent chauvinist comedown of an unfulfilled happy dream. Put simply, no *Feds*, no *Silence Of The Lambs*. A chilling dystopia beckoned

Marlon Brando once said, "It makes as much sense to me as a rat fucking a grapefruit", and it can't be overemphasised how much that applies to this film. Here, the rat is meritocracy and the grapefruit is nothing less than the social fabric of the American flag. Adam Lee Davies

EX-RENT HELL  
THEY CAME, THEY SAW, THEY RE-WOUND



They brought down an entire evil Empire, but what was it like to be an Ewok? Small actor Alan Bennett gives *LW Lies* an insight into the world of the cutest aliens in the universe. Ahh.

**How did you get the part?**  
Well, I started acting very late, it was *Return Of The Jedi* that got me into it, about 1980 or 1981. A local agent advertised for small people, because he couldn't get enough, or rather the studio couldn't get enough. He put the advert in for small people under four foot six, so I rang him and had to convince him over the phone I was actually under four foot six. But anyway, I went to Elstree studios for a head, hand and foot latex cast.

**Were you excited to see the scripts?**  
We were not given any scripts as we had no talking parts at all. The only real talking was done by the stars - Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Anthony Daniels and Harrison Ford. I was the one on the front left who carried Chewbacca into the village. There were four of us carrying him in, four carrying Luke Skywalker and four carrying Han Solo.

**What was the suit like to wear?**  
My family were concerned about the costumes being all encased, but when I explained the head lifted off it was fine. But they were very hot; we had pyjamas to start with, to soak up the sweat I suppose. Then we had a latex bottom and top on, and over that was the fur skin, the hands, feet and the head. It's hard to act as you're not sure you are making the movements they want - they had to be pronounced movements because of the bulkiness of the suit.

**Did you get to work much with George Lucas?**  
George was there most of the time, actually I got to shake his hand. He would be there at the beginning of the shooting, discussing with the director what to do. So George was very much hands on throughout the filming. He did direct us sometimes, and he wanted to make sure the Ewoks did exactly what he had imagined.

**Was it hard as an amateur working on such a big film?**  
A lot of the Ewoks were amateurs like me, I never knew there were so many small people about. But there were those who had been on *Time Bandits*, *Flash Gordon* and *Charlie And The Chocolate Factory*. I'm still friends with lots of them from that film - we always meet up on jobs. I have some very good friends because of *Star Wars*. Lee Jones

FOPP FILM  
CLUB, IN  
ASSOCIATION  
WITH *LW LIES*  
MAGAZINE



music film+books  
in her film & book press - suck it and see  
[www.fopp.co.uk](http://www.fopp.co.uk)

In the basement café/bar of Fopp's Tottenham Court Road store shall begin a wonderful thing: 'Fopp Film Club'

Hosted by Fopp, powered by *LW Lies* - think of Fopp Film Club as your chance to escape the madness of central London, grab a beer (or glass of wine) and watch great movies. Expect exclusive screenings, much loved classics and maybe even the odd special guest or two.

We kick off at 7.30 on Tuesday October 3 with a screening of the excellent *Dave Chappelle's Block Party*. Film will roll at 8pm. It's free to get in, all you have to do is rock up on the day, but get there early doors to make sure you don't miss it. Wristbands will be handed out for entry during Monday and Tuesday daytime from the store.

This event shall be monthly, and details of each upcoming screening can be found on our sites [www.fopp.co.uk](http://www.fopp.co.uk) or [www.littlewhitehites.co.uk](http://www.littlewhitehites.co.uk). Enjoy



## COMPETITION!

Well looky here. The folks down at Metrodome have been kind enough to bosh four *Mavericks* DVD Box Sets our way containing films from the likes of Lukas Moodyson, Thomas Vinterberg and Richard Kelly. Just tell us who directed *The Assassination of Richard Nixon* and they're all yours. Email answers to [editorial@littlewhitehites.co.uk](mailto:editorial@littlewhitehites.co.uk) with your name and address.





WWW.FIRETRAP.COM

**Firetrap**  
*dandy denim & twisted thoughts*



Chapter six.  
Don't believe the  
hype incoming  
movies laid bare





## Bobby. Dir Emilio Estevez

**UPDATE** Yes, the *Mighty Ducks* star has taken the helm in this paean to one of the great 'What If?' of recent American history, Bobby Kennedy. Taking the *Short Cuts*, er, short cut by intertwining smaller narratives (played out by a stellar cast which includes Demi Moore, Anthony Hopkins, William H. Macy and Laurence 'The Fish' Fishburne) involving the residents of the Ambassador Hotel where the almost Senator was whacked out, this is *Crash*-lite whimsy with an unquestioning political backdrop and is entertaining but about as deep as a puddle. Was a not favourite for the Golden Lion at this year's Venice Festival, but lost out to Jia Zhang Ke's *Still Life*. Catch it at this year's London Film Festival. **ETA: 2007**

## The Simpsons Movie. Dir David Silverman

**UPDATE** With panchromatic pre sketches, a 3D second trailer and a heritage richer than Bill Gates, *The Simpsons*, America's great satirical icons, are boarding the L train to movie stardom. Finally, stupidity rules. The teaser trailer wasn't giving anything away and in fact, if we're being harsh, was a pretty old joke - it was funnier when *Austin Powers* did it about *Star Wars*. Other concerns centre around the distinction between movie and extended episode: will this feel flimic, or will the 20 minute format lose the eccentric essence we know and love? We just d'oh not know yet. Ouch. **ETA: July 2007**

## Deadman. Dir TBA

**UPDATE** Not content with busting out *Pan's Labyrinth*, Comic Con saw the announcement that del Toro is set to produce DC Comics' *Deadman*. Who? Deadman is the ghost of Boston Brand, a trapeze artist murdered mid act then brought back to life by a Hindu goddess to possess the living and find his killer. So *Quantum Leap* meets, erm, a second rate superhero movie. Minus AI. The original comics were written in 1967 and must have seemed totally 'far out' at the time. But it's a tough ask for (an as yet unnamed) screenwriter to update a concept that seems recklessly kitsch in the cold, contemporary light of day. That noise can't help either. You know - the scrape, scrape, scrape of the bottom of DC's barrel. **ETA: 2008**

## The Prince of Providence. Dir Michael Corrente

**UPDATE** Corrente's return to hometown Providence at the helm of this film based on Mike Stanton's novel centres on a run of the mill political racketeering, conspiracy and extortion. For Corrente, what could be better than shooting a film in his backyard? Well, maybe shooting it without Russell Crowe. Word is, the notorious bar brawler won't give the man a break - inviting him to dinner to do some prime time schmoozing. Apparently, though, not only does Russell want the part, he's got "a lot of his own ideas" to bring to the table. Someone remind him about *Neighbours* before he gets ahead of himself. Strewn. **ETA: 2007**





## Jjakpae (The City Of Violence).

Dir Seung-wan Ryoo

With a title like *Jjakpae* (*The City of Violence*), you'd probably not be too surprised to hear that Seung wan Ryoo's film (a follow up to his boxing pic *Crying Fist*) is about two macho coppers who kick 10 bells out of anyone who gets in the way of their investigation in the city of Seoul. The themes of lost innocence and the wavering passage of time are a direct homage to John Woo's *Bullet In The Head*, and it looks like there'll be enough bravado and chop-socky carnage to ensure that Tarantino, at least, will be drooling into his Applejacks over this one. Premiered at Venice to an adoring crowd. **ETA: 2007**

## The Dark Knight.

Dir Christopher Nolan

Few plot details have been released so far, but the casting news has forums a-flutter. Christian Bale, Michael Caine, Gary Oldman and Morgan Freeman all return, though late night breast feeding and satanic torture have not paid to the involvement of Katie Holmes. But the big fish in Gotham's pond is Heath Ledger as the latest incarnation of The Joker. The choice of title is also significant. *The Dark Knight* being the favoured moniker of Batman's saviour Frank Miller. If Heath Ledger is anything like as maniacal as Miller's Joker, expect the body count to be upped significantly from the first film. **ETA: Summer 2008**

## Ratatouille.

Dirs. Brad Bird, Jan Pinkava

A rat with culinary inclinations finds himself in a Parisian restaurant made famous by an eccentric French chef. Before long he's creating celebrated dishes, and creating havoc by chasing his dream of cooking stardom. After *Cars*, considered by many (well, us) to be Pixar's first creative stumble, it'll be fascinating to see how *Ratatouille* fares in a mouth watering summer that sees arch-rival *Shrek The Third* weigh in three weeks earlier, and *The Simpsons Movie* out on the same day. With Brad Bird back behind the wheel, and dopey-faced *Friend* David Schwimmer on voice over duty, the rat could see Pixar back to its best. **ETA: July 2007**

## The Curious Case Of Benjamin Button.

Dir David Fincher

Hitting 50? Desperately searching for the ultimate plan to stay young? No worries, take inspiration from Benjamin Button's mid-life crisis and start ageing backwards. Based on the bizarre F Scott Fitzgerald short story, this curious case sees the Hollywood ideal of eternal youth lose its appeal, as the complications of young romance become apparent, and the toy-boy fantasy is taken to slightly disturbing extremes. How easily Brad Pitt will morph from silver haired fox to spotty youth remains to be seen, but high hopes are pinned on the actor's first collaboration with Fincher since 1999's dangerously enlightening *Fight Club*. **ETA: Christmas 2007**

## Hellboy 2: The Golden Army.

Dir Guillermo del Toro

It's been a tough few months for *Hellboy* fans. Though the first film was an above average comic conversion, it didn't exactly set the world on fire, and the subsequent sequel has been dogged by uncertainty. But the fog is finally lifting with the project moved to Universal, whose happy history of monster movies should hopefully translate to another all action outing. Most of the original cast are back, joined by newcomer Johann Kraus (big free floating ball of energy, not the composer. No, wait, is that Johann Strauss?) to fight a bunch of fairy tale characters intent on starting a war. Well, that bitch Red Riding Hood has always needed an ass kicking. **ETA: Summer 2008**

## In Search Of Captain Zero.

Dir Stacy Peralta

Starring Sean Penn, and adapted from the memoirs of dope-dealing, surf riding scoundrel Allan Weisbecker, *Captain Zero* recounts one man's odyssey from Mexico to Central America in search of his long-time friend and companion, the titular Captain. The book's supposed to be entertaining, and it's about time someone knocked that Gen X cunt Howard Marks of his dope-dealing, memoir writing perch. Besides, let's face it, Sean Penn could fist-fuck life back into Bob Hope. It'll be great. **ETA: 2008**

## The War Tapes.

Dir Deborah Scranton

Deborah Scranton's tale is a homemade docu-diary filmed by three soldiers in Iraq. Her 'directing' amounts to careful editing of released footage, no doubt pushing her anti-war stance. This 'real' story ought to pack a suitably powerful punch, but reality TV has taught us to trust no one and fear the VT editor. Besides, is it just us, or is there something particularly gutless about the rash of left leaning Iraq documentaries that Hollywood (and its indie players) have only had the balls to release since Bush's ratings started to slide? Where were these brave filmmakers when we needed them five years ago? **ETA: 2007**

## Grind House.

Dirs. Quentin Tarantino, Robert Rodriguez

On paper, *Grind House* has it all. Two films in one from two of the most exciting directors working today. Robert Rodriguez, fresh from *Sin City*, and Quentin Tarantino, not so fresh from *Kill Bill*. Rodriguez's film, *Planet Terror*, is a zombie thriller with Rose McGowan, and Michael Parks as Texas Ranger Earl McGraw. They also appear in Tarantino's *Death Proof* - a slasher film at 100mph" according to the man himself - which co-stars Kurt Russell as a psycho killer called Stuntman Mike. Not excited yet? Rose McGowan's character has a machine gun for a leg, the whole thing will be scored by John Carpenter, and Tarantino himself will play 'Rapist #1'. How about now? **ETA: April 2007**

## Halo.

Dir Neill Blomkamp

So *Dead Man's Chest* took \$.36 million in its opening weekend? Big deal. *Halo 2* made \$100 million on its first day. With that kind of bijou box office, it's no surprise that Hollywood has got its hands on *Halo*. In fact, there's been serious cash involved from the start. The script, written by Gen X hero Alex Garland, was shopped to the studios in a PR baiting one day auction, eventually fetching five million bucks in a co-financing deal between Universal and Fox. The pressure is firmly on first time director Neill Blomkamp, but with Peter Jackson exec-producing and WETA handling the effects, he's not without top class support. Frankly, with Jedis a joke, it's about time someone made a big ass space marine movie. **ETA: Summer 2008**

## Transformers.

Dir Michael Bay

Finally, the hard news is flooding in on *Transformers*. The final list of robots includes old school (sorry, Gen 1) favourites Optimus Prime, Jazz and Ironhide, as well as an army of bad-ass Decepticons from Megatron and Starscream to the more obscure Frenzy and Blackout. So the fans are happy right? Er, wrong. Issues remain. Optimus has an all-new flame job that 13-year-old boys love and the rest of the world hates, although Bay reckons it's all about physical accuracy not toy sales. Likewise, Megatron has undergone a radical re-design, sexing up that angular '80s vibe. Our take? It's like Kevin Smith said (more or less): fuck those Go Bot fan freaks anyway. **ETA: July 2007**





NEW

## Control.

Dir: Anton Corbijn

The man on stage is a dead man, but he's never looked more alive. He has the feral energy of youth, but his voice is a hundred years old. You've heard it, read it, seen it in a thousand agonies of a thousand artists - it's the haunting sound of time running out. He moves with the spastic jerk of a corpse, arms twitching, head nodding. He's an icon. He's a suicide. The man on stage is Ian Curtis, and his clock is ticking.

In a nondescript music venue in suburban Nottingham, time is standing still. The whip-thin gangly dude behind the camera is Anton Corbijn, legendary photographer and director of *Control*, based on the book *Touching From A Distance: Ian Curtis And Joy Division* written by Ian's ex-wife Deborah.

But this is no rock flick, no exculpatory chick lit biopic. We're watching one of the movie's few music scenes - the bulk of filming has already taken place, much of it in Ian's old house on Barton Street where he and Deborah (played by Sam Morton) lived and where Ian died. This is the movie, everyone agrees, the bits between the myth-making, the grubby stuff that was Ian's life.

The man on stage is Sam Riley, and the mask has slipped slightly. He looks like Ian, and you remember how young they all were before they became immortal. He's having sweat applied to his arm pits. Rock 'n' roll. Extras are filing in, ready for the final take. The band are tuning up. Somewhere in the crowd, Annik Honore (Alexandra Maria Lara) is about to set eyes on the singer who she'll separate from his wife. The man on stage closes his eyes and leans into the mic. When he opens them and starts to move you remember that the man on stage is a dead man, but he's never looked more alive. **ETA: early 2007**

## American Hardcore.

Dir: Paul Rachman

It often gets lumped in with the punk, New Wave and Oi! of the early '80s scene, but the bands who identify themselves as hardcore are singular and legendary. Dead Kennedys, Bad Brains, Black Flag, Circle Jerks - their fans won't stand for any bullshit, and early word is that *American Hardcore* lets no one down. Inspired by the book *American Hardcore: A Tribal History*, Paul Rachman's documentary charts the hardcore punk years from '79 to '86. All the big names from the scene are represented, but without any of the academic criticism from self-styled experts. There's rare live footage, and the whole thing has been made in a competent but DIY fashion that befits the topic. Dido fans should give this a miss. But then Dido fans can - ah, use your imagination. **ETA: Late 2006**



UPDATE

## The Fountain.

Dir: Darren Aronofsky

Darren Aronofsky's eagerly anticipated film felt the wrath of the critics, but perhaps a little unfairly. Yes, sci-fi fantasy *The Fountain* is confusing, self-indulgent and generically muddled. But it's also wildly innovative and visually spectacular. Few films are made with such ambition, delicacy and love these days, and we wouldn't be surprised if Aronofsky's offering is hailed as a cult classic in years to come. In the meantime, expect it to be mauled by irritable critics and unimaginative audiences alike. **ETA: February 2007**

## Star Trek XI.

Dir: JJ Abrams

Surprise! Fans aren't happy; the poster's out and it looks like a logo and little else. The Trekkies have been shitting their plastic pants over this, the eleventh entry in the *Star Trek* film canon. It's possibly a prequel. It's possibly going to star Matt Damon as the young Kirk. It's possibly produced and directed by JJ Abrams. It's possibly going to be a sophisticated, absorbing, groundbreaking contribution to the science-fiction genre. It's possibly going to be another load of old toss that might as well be thrown at the screen with a bucket. **ETA: 2008**

## Knight Rider.

Dir: TBA

So once again it falls to big Harvey Weinstein to get things moving. After years languishing in development hell, *Knight Rider* has been bought by the brothers for their new-fangled Weinstein Co. Original writer Glen Larson is onboard, promising a "darker script" (good), but one that will "still be PG13" (bad). The big questions is, will the self-styled 'King of the Internet' grace the film with his glorious presence? The big man has said 'Yes' but will he be out-acted by a black Transam? Don't bet against it: that's one feisty Kit-car. Either way, expect it to be a number one smash with our Germanic cousins. **ETA: 2008**



*FOLGENDE KWESTIE*

*EDIÇÃO SEGUINTE*

*PROCHAINE ISSUE*

*NEXT ISSUE*

*FOLGENDE AUSGABE*

*EDIZIONE SEGUENTE*

**ON SALE NOVEMBER 25**



May we have 5  
seconds of  
your time?  
CobraVision is a  
contemporary  
and innovative  
short film compe-  
tition, which gives  
aspiring filmmakers  
the chance to have  
their short films  
showcased during  
Cobra's sponsorship of  
itv2, itv3 and itv4  
blockbuster movies.  
CobraVision is all about  
unleashing the filmmaking  
genius in you. This is the first  
time in British television  
advertising history that a  
competition has given avid  
filmmakers a platform to  
showcase their own short film on  
national television. Make it big by  
making it small. Filmmakers are asked  
to create a series of 10 x 5-second  
movies, which are judged every month  
by a panel of film industry experts. You  
can even edit your existing films to fit this  
format. Then you can win great prizes  
every single month as well as getting  
your film showcased on TV. The only  
rule is that you must be as original and  
creative as possible! On top of monthly  
prizes, there is a total cash fund of over  
£12,000 up for grabs at the annual  
CobraVision Awards, plus Adobe Video  
Collections and holidays to India! So  
what are you waiting for? CobraVision is  
now open to entries and just think.....  
you could win great prizes and get your  
masterpiece shown to millions!



5 SECOND FILM FESTIVAL

Send us your films!

[www.cobrabeer.com/cobravision](http://www.cobrabeer.com/cobravision)





DON'T LOOK BACK CONCERTS

PRESENTS

AS PART OF THE 2006 SEASON

# ★ ENNIO MORRICONE ★

ACCOMPANIED BY THE GYOR PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA & THE CROUCH END FESTIVAL CHORUS



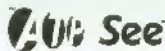
PERFORMING HIS **CLASSIC FILM SOUNDTRACKS**

IN ONE OF LONDON'S MOST MAGNIFICENT ART-DECO MOVIE PALACES

## APOLLO HAMMERSMITH

FRIDAY 1ST & SATURDAY 2ND DECEMBER 2006

TICKETS FOR JULY 19TH VALID FOR DECEMBER 1ST. JULY 20TH TICKETS VALID FOR DECEMBER 2ND



TICKETS CAN BE PURCHASED AT [WWW.SEETICKETS.COM](http://WWW.SEETICKETS.COM) (0870 264 3333) and [WWW.TICKETMASTER.CO.UK](http://WWW.TICKETMASTER.CO.UK) (0870 606 3400)